

NATIONAL

Volume 11, No. 1
P7.00 In Metro Manila

MIDWINTER

Beginning:
NINOY
& THE LEFT

Coming:
**TRIAL OF
THE CENTURY**
Surfacing:
**BOBBIE MALAY
OF THE NDF**



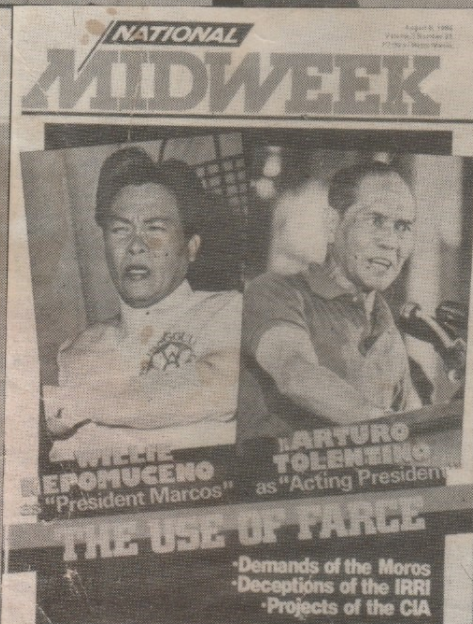
BENIGNO AQUINO JR.
before Military Commission No. 2
August 27, 1974

READ

NATIONAL MIDWEEK

THE MAGAZINE FOR CONCERNED FILIPINOS

- In-Depth
- Informative
- Analytical
- Entertaining





PEOPLE POWER vs. THE MARCOSIST MENACE

From the very start, the Aquino government never quite knew what to do with the so-called Marcos loyalists. It was hesitant to use force against them because it didn't want to be accused of resorting to the undemocratic and fascistic methods of its predecessor. The more liberal elements of the Aquino coalition tended to view the Marcosists as nothing more than a lunatic fringe, good for a few laughs but not worth losing sleep over. The more conservative elements, on the other hand, saw the Marcosists as a lesser enemy than the communist insurgency, or even as an ally against that insurgency.

Even the media had ambivalent attitudes toward the advocates of fascist restoration. Some publications even tended to give the impression that there was something heroic and admirable in the Marcosists' loyalty to a fallen idol and perseverance in behalf of a lost cause. The ambivalence is apparent in media's inability to give a generally acceptable name to this phenomenon. There is obvious dis-

satisfaction with the term "loyalist," because it confers an honorable aura to an otherwise misguided endeavor; but the coined alternatives—*abandonados*, Marcos fanatics, Marcosistas—have not quite stuck. (MIDWEEK prefers the term *Marcosist*. A term like *abandonado* creates a pathetic, almost pitiful image; but *Marcosist*, like *Hitlerite*, gives off an aroma of viciousness and brutality, 'corruption and decay.)

It is reported that, when the Marcosists staged their Manila Hotel coup, Malacanang was deluged by calls from concerned citizens who wanted to exercise once again the people power that had been such a success on EDSA. This time around, however, the former leaders of the protest movement, now holders of the reins of power, counselled restraint, and advised people to stay home.

Did this, somehow, betray a fear of people power? The people—who did not fear the Marcosist menace, when that was still enthroned—were obviously willing to face it in its present incarnation; but their leaders

seemed to have surrendered all initiative to new military allies, themselves pillars of Marcosism until their February conversion.

The Hamletish indecision of the civilian government, and the Pollyannaish generosity of military authorities who demanded only push-ups and a pledge of allegiance from coup leaders, undoubtedly contributed to the Marcosists' defiance, which eventually led to the incident in which a Cory Aquino supporter was mauled to death.

Stephen Salcedo's death, like Ninoy Aquino's, is a tragedy we must all mourn. But that tragic death, again like Ninoy Aquino's, may have had a positive effect on us all. Already, the anti-Marcos forces have reunited and once again taken to the streets to oppose fascist restoration and to fight for the defense and expansion of the democratic space we now enjoy.

Salcedo's death makes us realize that it is not yet time to relax our vigilance. Militancy is needed now more than ever, in order to defend the gains that have been achieved at the cost of so much sacrifice. [M]

NATIONAL MIDWEEK

ISSN 0116-2470

Volume 1/Number 33

August 27, 1986

Editor

JOSE F. LACABA

Staff Writers

TEZZA O. PAREL

BENJAMIN PIMENTEL JR.

Correspondents

JUANIYO ARCELLANA

ESTRELLA A. CONSOLACION

Artists

FEDERICO F. SIEVERT

PERRY SORIO

Photographer

PAT ROQUE

Editorial Assistants

EDITHA F. GALVE

Production Assistant

CRIS MENDOZA

Editorial Consultant

GREGORIO C. BRILLANTES

Contributing Editor

EFREN YAMBOT

Art Consultants

CESAR HERNANDO

JOSE TENCE RUIZ

Business Manager

VIVIAN DE LIMA

Circulation Manager

RENE MARCIANO

National MIDWEEK is published weekly by Lagda Publishing Inc. Editorial and business offices: 2nd Floor Mar Santos Bldg. 43 Don A. Rocas Ave., Quezon City

National MIDWEEK welcomes manuscripts, cartoons and photographs from freelance contributors. Unsolicited materials must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Manuscripts must be typewritten double-spaced, with generous margins. We reserve the right to edit for publication.



Ninoy Aquino's third death anniversary comes at a time when leading elements in the military seem bent on launching a new anti-communist witch hunt. How did Ninoy himself view the Left, particularly the Communists? Gregorio C. Brillantes reexamines the record in a three-part series that begins in this issue. Page 7.

Cover design by JUANITO SY

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- 3 FROM "MORO-MORO" TO "TRIAL OF THE CENTURY"?
By Benjamin Pimentel Jr.
- 7 CONSORTING WITH THE LEFT AT AN EARLY AGE
By Gregorio C. Brillantes
- 14 BOBBIE MALAY SURFACES
By Marra PL. Lanot
- 19 FIGHTING BACK
By Benjamin Pimentel Jr.
- 29 HOLIDAY AT PATTAYA
By E.P. Patanne
- 31 JAPAN'S CONQUEST OF AMERICA
By Carlos G. Novenario
- 34 SALOT AT SIGALOT SA BULAKAN
Ni Tomas F. Agulto

FICTION/POETRY

- 24 HOBNOBBING WITH MORRIS
By Raoul Rafael S. Panes

- 28 MAKATI HAIRDRESSER
By Paul Wallfisch

THE CHILDREN OF NEGROS
By Henry C. Villalva

- 1 EDITORIAL
- 42 MISCELLANY
- 43 BULLETIN BOARD
- 45 LETTERS

COLUMNS

- 38 AT LARGE
By Norma Japitana
- 40 PEANUT GALLERY
By Mario V. Dumaul
- 47 LEFT HOOK
By Juaniyo Arcellana
- 48 OBSERVATION POST
By Fr. Pedro V. Salgado



Newspaper headline (inset) contradicts findings of Sandiganbayan in controversial Aquino case: The "greatest legal circus"

From "MORO-MORO" to "TRIAL OF THE CENTURY"?

By BENJAMIN PIMENTEL JR.

It was billed as the "trial of the century." But it turned out to be the "greatest legal circus" in Philippine history.

Not too many people were really surprised when the 26 accused in the Aquino-Galman double-murder case were acquitted by the Sandiganbayan last year. Corazon Aquino herself refused to recognize the authority of either the Agrava Fact-Finding Board or the Sandiganbayan to investigate the case.

Executive Secretary Joker Arroyo, who was then a member of the Free

Citing evidence of a Marcos-inspired whitewash, the Vasquez Commission calls for the reopening of the Aquino assassination case.



Generals Fabian Ver & Prospero Olivas, defense lawyers Antonio Coronel (above) & Rodolfo Jimenez (right): Objecting to "surmises and speculations"

Legal Assistance Group (FLAG), called the decision the "Marcos verdict," saying that the Sandiganbayan would not have passed a decision "without the blessings of President Marcos."

Cory Aquino had said: "My number one suspect is Mr. Marcos. Since he was not even mentioned among those accused, it's not really of much concern to me whether one or all would be acquitted . . ."

"Now that the verdict is out, the Filipino people can fully understand why I said from the very beginning that justice is not possible so long as Mr. Marcos continues to be head of our government."

About two months later, Marcos was deposed and the widow seeking justice was installed as president.

Under the new order, justice for Aquino and Galman is believed possible.

Last June 6, 1986, the Supreme Court created a fact-finding body to investigate charges of mistrial of the Aquino-Galman double-murder case. The commission was headed by re-

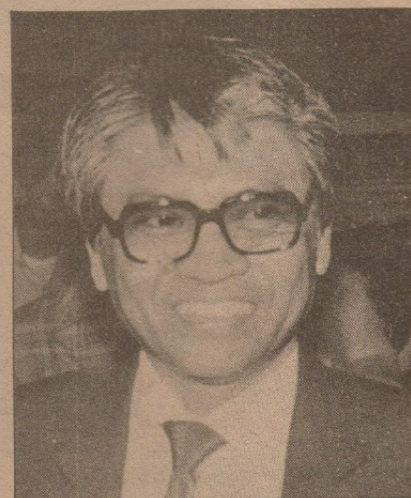
tired Supreme Court Justice Conrado M. Vasquez with retired Court of Appeals Justices Milagros German and Eduardo Caguioa as members. It was given 30 days to receive evidence and another 15 days to submit its recommendation to the Supreme Court.

The commission was asked to act on a petition charging then Sandiganbayan Presiding Justice Manuel Pamaran and Associate Justices Augusto Amores and Bienvenido Vera Cruz of having shown bias in favor of the 26 accused and that there was a mistrial of the case.

The petition was filed by 31 prominent citizens three weeks before the Sandiganbayan handed down its decision.

Last July 31, 1986, the Vasquez Commission recommended to the Supreme Court to declare a mistrial of the Aquino-Galman case, saying that there was "lack of due process" due to pressures exerted by former President Marcos.

The high court has given all parties



involved ten days to submit their objections to the commission's proposal. The Supreme Court will then decide if there will be a reopening of the case.

Former Justice Pamaran and defense lawyers Rodolfo U. Jimenez and Antonio Coronel still maintain that the Sandiganbayan decision was fair and just. Pamaran, in a written statement to the high court, said that the trial was "valid and regular and these (double-murder) cases were decided on the basis of evidence presented and the laws applicable."

Antonio Coronel, counsel for Gen. Fabian Ver, called the commission's findings "surmises and speculations." The recommendation for a new trial, Coronel said, was not supported by hard evidence.

The Vasquez Commission's recommendation was based on 59 documentary exhibits by respondents and the testimonies of 11 witnesses who testified in 19 hearings.

The most important testimony was that of Deputy Tanodbayan Manuel Herrera who revealed that at a meeting held last January 10, 1986 at Malacanang Palace, former President Marcos allegedly instructed Pamaran and Tanodbayan Bernardo Fernandez to have the Aquino case whitewashed.

Herrera added that the raffle to decide the division that would handle the case was rigged by Pamaran so that the case was assigned to the latter.

"There was no mistaking that (Marcos) wanted all to be acquitted," Herrera said. According to him, the former President told them, "Mag-

moro-moro na lang kayo."

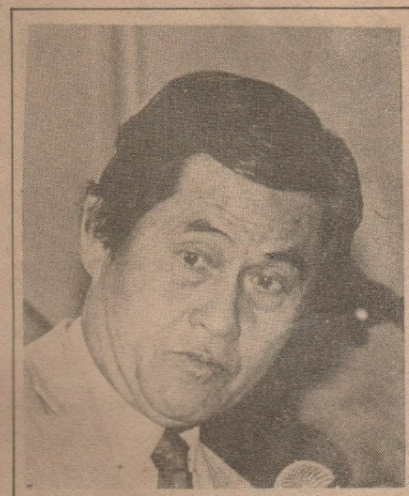
Former Tanodbayan Bernardo Herrera confirmed that such a meeting had taken place at the Palace attended by Pamaran, Herrera, Pasay City Fiscal Ernesto Bernabe and Tanodbayan Special Prosecutor Leonardo Tamayo.

However, Fernandez denied that a plan was hatched to whitewash the case. Herrera, Fernandez said, would have been "purged" had there been such a scheme. But Fernandez admitted that, during the meeting, Marcos was "up to something." He also denied that Marcos had instructed them to categorize the defendants into different levels of liability.

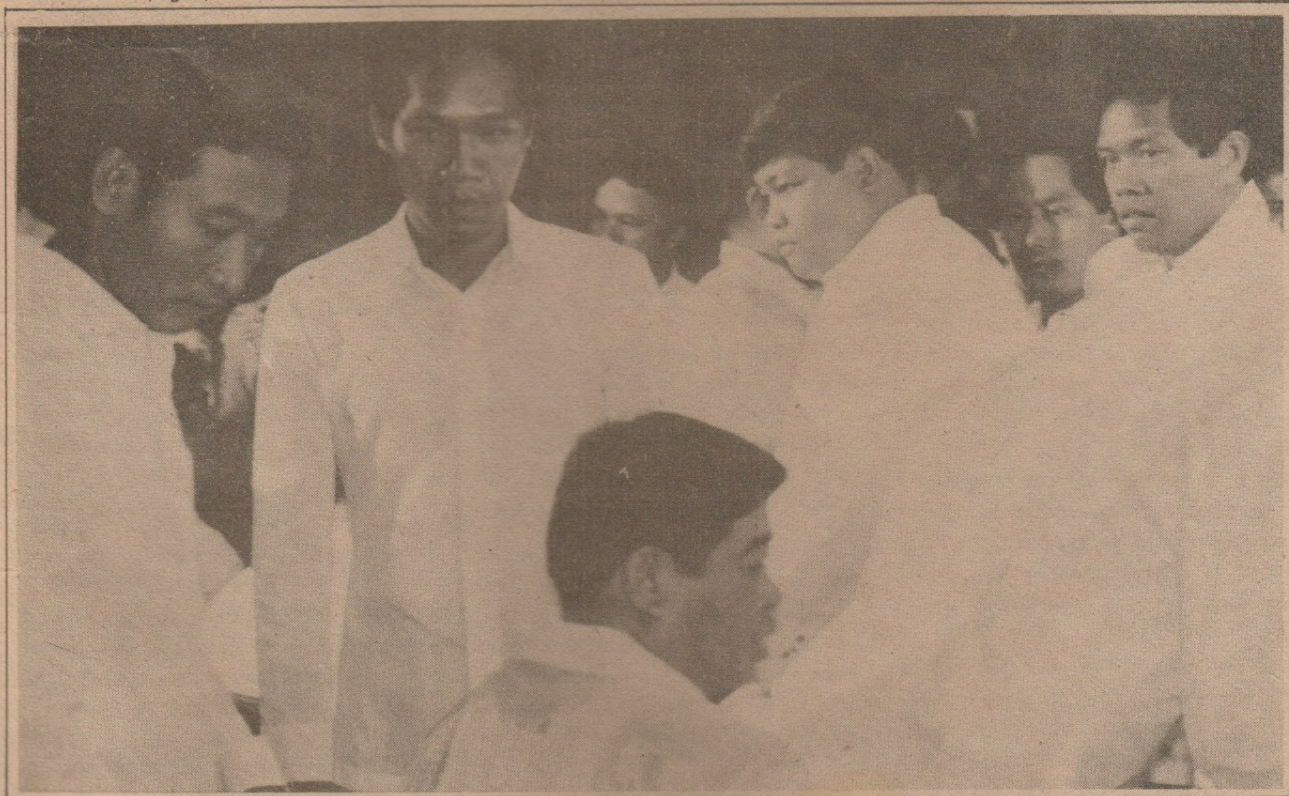
Another bombshell was the revelation by prosecution witness Rebecca Quijano, known as the "Crying Lady," that Ferdinand "Bongbong" Marcos Jr., son of the deposed President, had offered her a P2 million bribe to prevent her from further testifying. She also said that former Laoag Mayor Rodolfo Farinas and his cousin Wil-

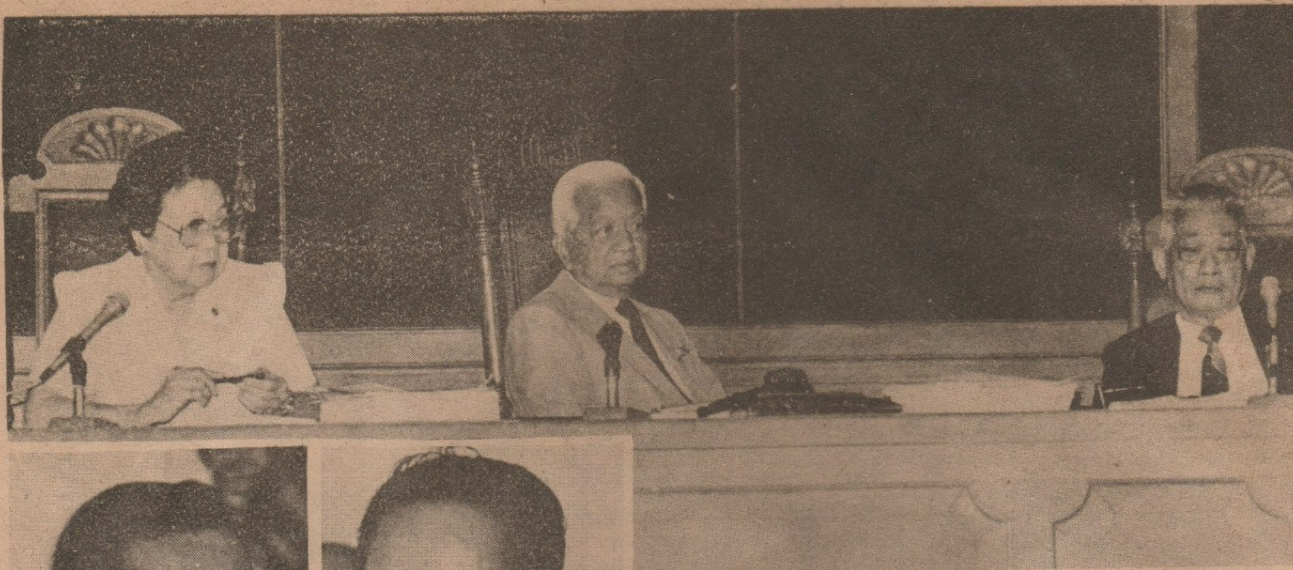
liam of the defunct Presidential Security Command offered her a house and lot in Baguio City; passage to the United States on a private plane; and a promise to liquidate the murderer of her father.

At the end of its deliberations, the Vasquez Commission concluded that there was enough evidence to show that there was a "scripted and predetermined manner" in the handling of the Aquino-Galman



Some of the accused soldiers (below), Deputy Tanodbayan Manuel Herrera (right): Determining levels of liability in secret meetings at the Palace





Justices German, Vasquez & Caguioa (above), ex-Ministers Cendana (extreme left) & Aspiras: Due process vs. presidential pressure

case. The Malacanang instructions, the commission reported, were "followed to the letter." It cited the suppression of some vital evidence, the harassment of prosecution witnesses and the coaching of defense counsel as examples of incidents which pointed to a conspiracy to whitewash the case.

According to the commission, collusion had been established and this was enough ground for the declaration of a mistrial of the case. Marcos, the commission reported, wanted the case "disposed of in a manner consistent with his announced theory thereof which, at the same time, would clear his name and his administration of any suspected guilty participants in the assassination.

"... In the mind of the commission, the only conclusion that may be drawn therefore is that pressure from Malacanang had indeed been made to bear on both the court and the prosecution in the handling of the disposition of the Aquino-Galman case."

It is now up to the Supreme Court to decide on the recommendation of the Vasquez Commission. If it

decides to reopen the case, the "trial of the century" that many people missed in the Sandiganbayan proceedings will finally take place.

The prospect of a new trial of the Aquino-Galman case and the uncovering of Marcos' involvement in the Sandiganbayan whitewash raised the question of whether the former president should also be indicted in the case. Last August 5, newly-appointed Tanodbayan Raul Gonzales announced that Marcos would be named an "unindicted co-conspirator" if the case is reopened.

Gonzales explained that if Marcos is indicted the deposed ruler might have to return to the Philippines. The issue of Marcos' coming home, Gonzales added, is something the national leadership will decide on.

However, Gonzales made the assurance that Marcos could still be prosecuted in the future for the prescription period for murder is 20 years.

The Tanodbayan also promised a "full-blown investigation" of the involvement of other people other than the 26 accused in the case. Among the possible suspects are former Tourism

Minister Jose Aspiras and former Information Minister Gregorio Cendana who, according to the testimony before the Agrava Board of Brig. Gen. Avelino America, were with top military officials at the Manila International Airport on the day of the assassination.

Gonzales also intends to look into the role of former officials and personnel of Channel 4 and other television stations who allegedly withheld or destroyed the footages of the actual shooting of Aquino. **[M]**



NINOY & THE LEFT-1

Consorting with the Reds at an Early Age

Stages in the political education of the Opposition hero who was often enough right about the Left

By GREGORIO C. BRILLANTES

On August 27, 1973, Senator Benigno Aquino Jr. was brought before Military Commission No. 2 in Camp Bonifacio and formally charged with subversion, murder and illegal possession of firearms. The initial

charge sheet, still to be expanded, contained nine specifications, including four separate violations of Republic Act 1700, the Anti-Subversion Law.

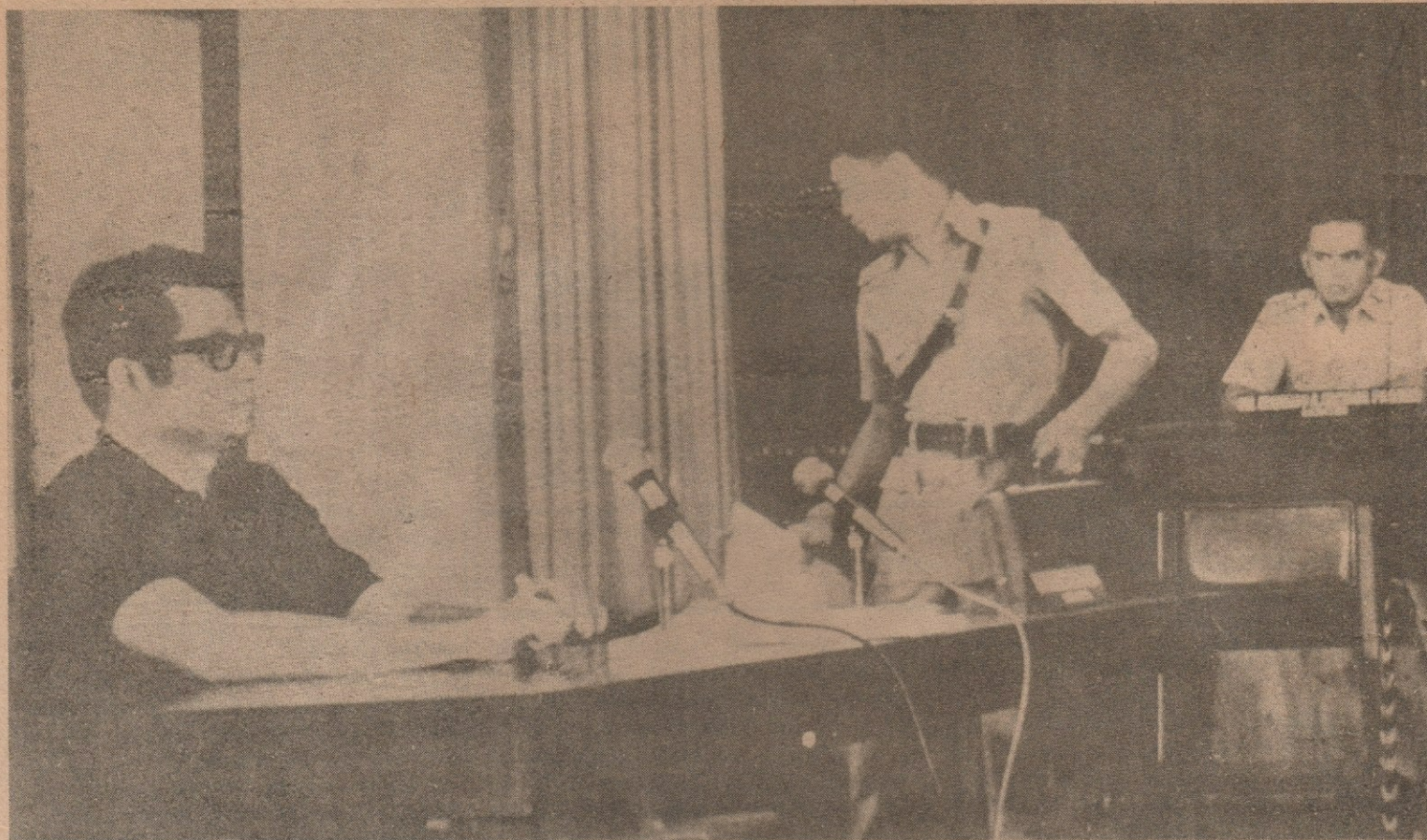
Four years and over 6,000 pages of recorded testimony later, and following his 40-day fast to protest the injustice of the trial, the military tribunal on November 27, 1977, sentenced Ninoy

Aquino and his two co-accused, Benabe Buscayno and Victor Corpus, death by firing squad. The verdict was to be carried out in quite unexpected fashion, though no less efficiently, on August 21, 1983.

But for all their zeal, their singular devotion to the duty—their Commander in Chief turned autocrat certainly saw to that—of proving Ninoy Aquino guilty as charged, Brig. General Jose Syjuco and the assorted colonels and captains who composed the military court neglected to arraign the defendant for a



BENIGNO AQUINO JR. WITH CORY & LORENZO TAÑADA DURING HIS TRIAL: CRUCIAL EVIDENCE



NINYO BEFORE MILITARY TRIBUNAL AT FORT BONIFACIO, 1974: AN ARGUMENT TO DELIGHT MARCOS

particularly dastardly crime that, by itself, would have made the trial more convincing and just.

Such was their judicial thoroughness that they were able to produce in record time a relay of eager witnesses against the accused, mostly well-known characters from Tarlac and Pampanga with folksy names like Ligaya, Melody and Pusa. They were alleged Huk commanders and Huk sympathizers in military custody, who, likewise faithful to their commissions, managed to "perpetuate" their testimonies before they all succumbed to the same fate: perforated by members of a mysterious fraternity called "Monkees."

Yet the diligent panel that sat in judgment of Ninoy failed to indict him for that one utterly grievous offense which, according to the logic of the martial proceedings, not to say of martial law itself, would have accounted for and even dictated all the other crimes allegedly committed by the accused. And that was the fact that at an early age, Benigno Aquino Jr. was already consorting with the Reds, or people generally regarded as Communists, more specifically,

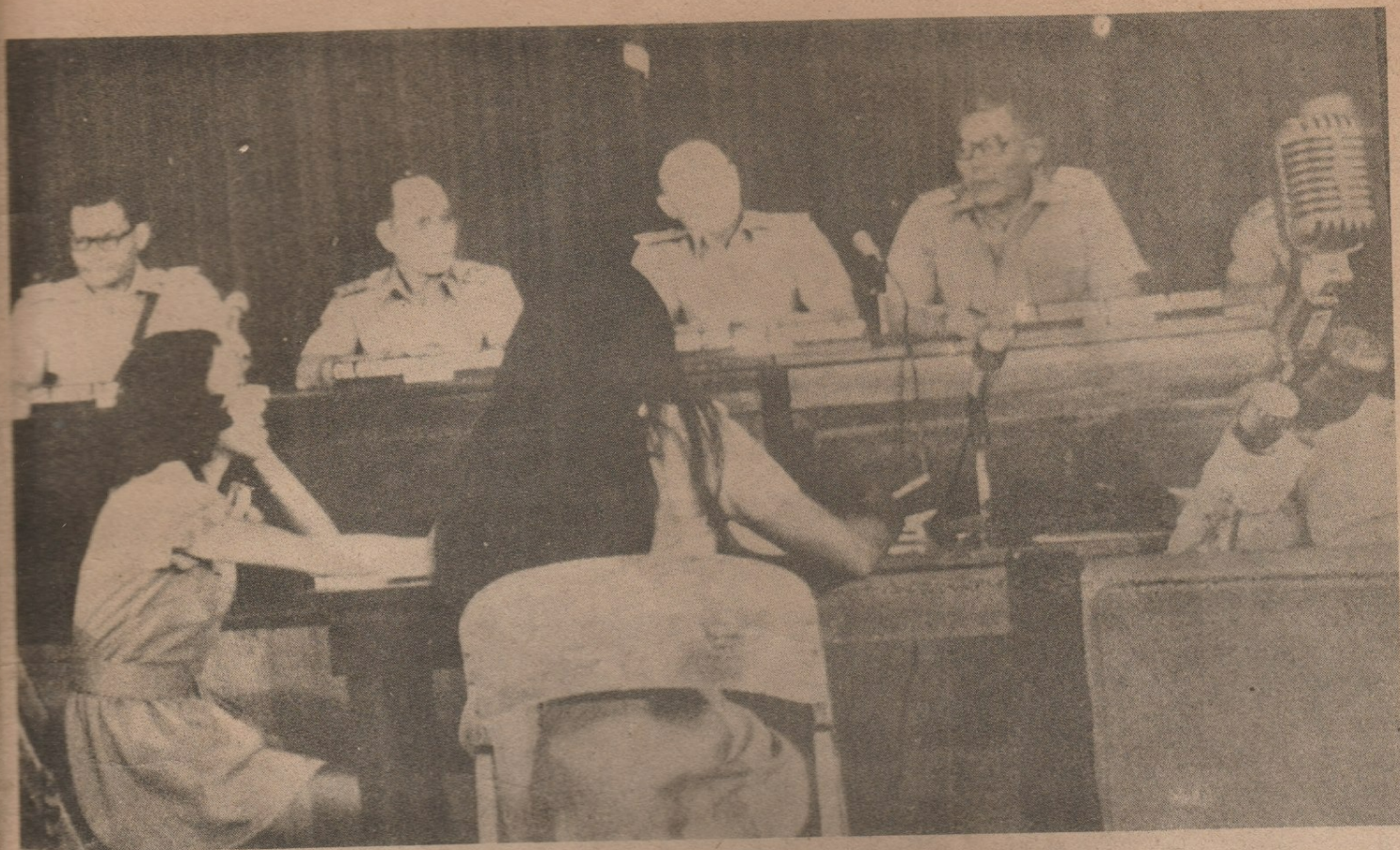
as Marxist-Leninists. (Never mind if they hadn't read a single line of *Das Kapital*, *What Is to Be Done?* and *Rectify Past Errors and Rebuild the Party*. No matter if they couldn't tell the difference between historical and dialectical materialism, or whether political scientists classified them as agrarian socialists or millenarian-populists, so long as they were for the class struggle, people's war, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and against imperialism, feudalism and capitalism.)

Years before he went off to cover that war between the "Free World" and the North Korean Communists; long before he became the fast-rising politician who, by his own admission, personally knew and dealt with certain members of the revolutionary Left, first, of the Partido Komunista ng Pilipinas (PKP) and its postwar military arm, the Hukbong Mapagpalaya ng Bayan (HMB), and later of the Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP) and the New People's Army (NPA)—as a young boy Ninoy was already rubbing elbows with,

or more accurately, holding the arms of, communist rebels.

His military prosecutors, had they been a degree more conscientious in their research and intelligence, could have seized on this vital information to demonstrate that Ninoy Aquino's socializing with Communists stemmed from more than just a bourgeois politician's desire to maintain a truce or a semblance of peace on his provincial turf; that his association with Communists could be explained only by a deeply ingrained sympathy for the the Marxist-Leninist cause implanted firmly in boyhood.

The child as the ideological father of the man who must be condemned to death: the argument, given the proper legal, moral and genetic flourishes, would have delighted Mr. Marcos as he monitored the progress of the trial on closed-circuit TV in his Malacanang study. It would have been the stunning centerpiece and immovable linchpin of the indictment against his unrepentant opponent and now hapless prisoner, whose Tarlac boyhood, bereft of the democratic virtues such as one learned in Batac, contrasted so starkly with his own.



That most crucial evidence which Military Commission No. 2 failed to uncover is part of the collective memory, oral history and folklore of Ninoy's hometown of Concepcion, and has since been duly recorded in Nick Joaquin's *The Aquinos of Tarlac*.

It was the summer of '45. The Americans, rolling south from Lingayen, had retaken most of Luzon and Manila, where Liberation found the Aquinos residing on San Rafael Street, close to Malacanang—minus Don Benigno, whom the Japanese had flown north, together with Jose P. Laurel Sr. and other members of the Occupation cabinet. Ninoy's mother, on learning that her husband was no longer in the country, gave up waiting in Manila and took her younger children to Concepcion.

Ninoy recalled that return to Concepcion: "When we got there, the Huks were running the town. We had a Huk mayor. Huk troops were called squadron then: Squadron 47, Squadron 49. And that Maytime there was a santacruzán every night, each one sponsored by a Huk squadron.

"Every night, doggone it, every single night those Huks would take me and make me the Constantino. And one night

I was the Constantino to a Huk amazon, Commander Liwayway. So, at twelve years old, I was a professional Constantino."

How the thin, gangling boy must have relished his role—then, as in his rotund maturity, he was happiest, it seemed, in a crowd; and it's easy to imagine him grinning from ear to ear, Commander Liwayway's consort basking in all that attention, the prominent landlord-politician's son having the time of his life among the peasantry, on those festive nights in the barrios of Concepcion, before the Hukbalahap mayor, Gorgonio Narciso, was driven back to the hills and fighting broke out again between the Red guerrillas and the civilian guards reinforced by the newly formed military police.

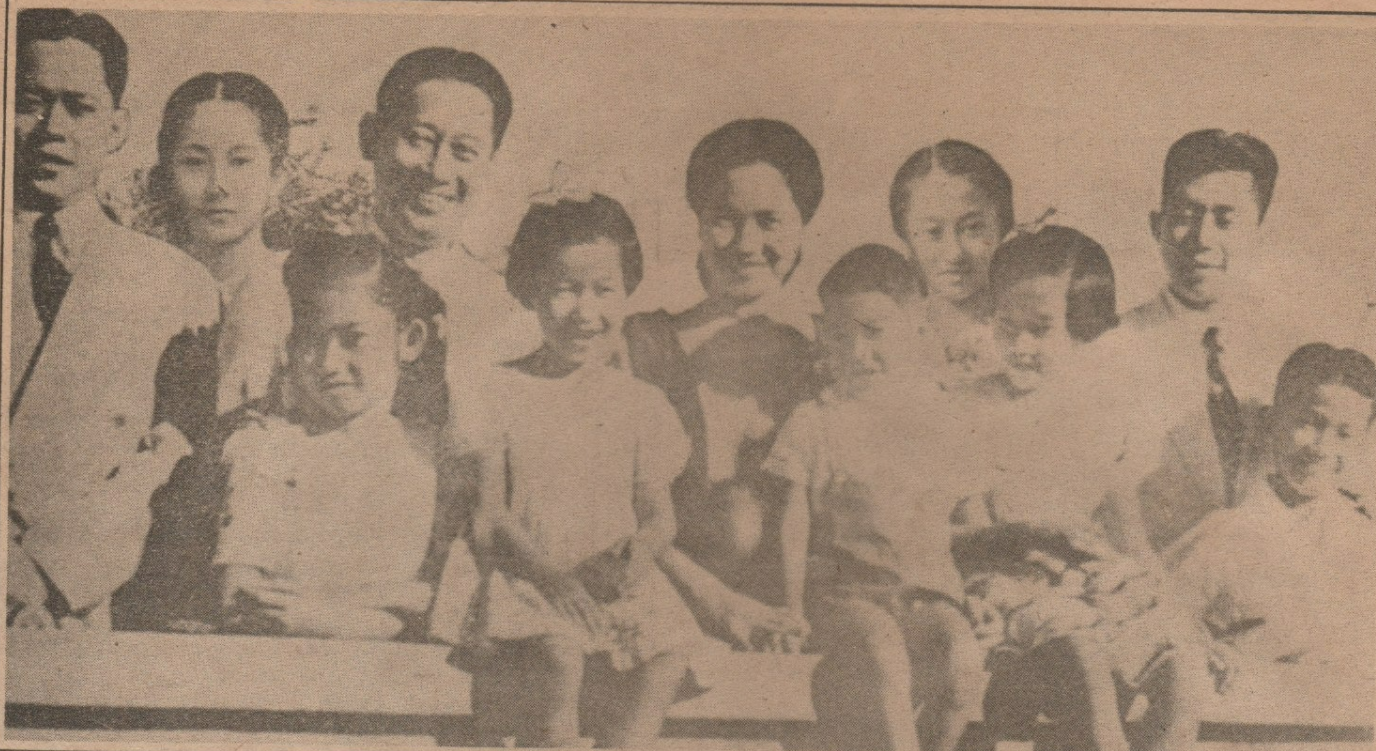
The "professional Constantino," whose foes would one day label him a professional communist coddler, must have made quite a few friends from among those Huk veterans at the santacruzans—friends whom the affable, affectionate Ninoy continued seeing through that tranquil time in Concepcion, the same battle-scarred dissidents who would later approach him, seek him out, as likely as not for reasons that had

nothing to do with overthrowing the government he was sworn to serve as town mayor, provincial governor, presidential assistant and, finally, senator in the late '60s.

The next known encounter Ninoy Aquino had with revolutionaries, though not necessarily Communists, was in 1949, when he had just turned 16, a freshman at the Ateneo de Manila on Padre Faura.

It was an election year, with Laurel Sr. running for president against Elpidio Quirino. An old buddy of the Laurel boys—he practically lived in Malacanang during the Occupation—Ninoy was quick to join the youth corps of the Laurel camp. It didn't exactly endear him to the anti-communist American Jesuits when he skipped classes to go stumping for the Nacionalista candidate, who now had the backing of his wartime enemies, the Huks.

"We were ambushed in Sipocot, machine-gunned in Cebu," said Ninoy of that first time he went campaigning around the country. Laurel lost in the dirty, bloody polls in which, it was said, even the birds and the bees and the dead voted for the LP incumbent. "After the cheating of Laurel, I was running guns,"



NINYO GROWING UP (FAR RIGHT IN BOTH PHOTOS) WITH FAMILY & COUSINS IN CONCEPCION: CONSORT TO HUK "AMAZONS"

said Ninoy. "It was up to the mountains for us, we were set for rebellion . . . We"—meaning, one supposes he and Doy Laurel and other young firebrands in the NP campaign—"were boiling mad over the worst fraud in Philippine politics. But the night we were to take off, Laurel aborted the whole plan. It was the revolution-that-never-was of 1949." The bluff, adventurous tone—that was Ninoy at 17.

The would-be teenage revolutionary was soon busy plugging away at more peaceable pursuits—pre-law studies on the new UP campus in Diliman up to three in the afternoon, a copy boy's job at the *Manila Times* till past midnight. Energy, initiative, a gung-ho spirit earned him a reporter's beat—and an assignment as war correspondent in Korea in September 1950. There, he would run into more Communists than he cared to, under circumstances that bore no resemblance to the happy santacruzans in Concepcion.

When Ninoy got to Korea, the United Nations forces had broken out of the Pusan perimeter, on the southern tip of the peninsula, and were pushing north beyond the 38th Parallel. He joined patrols of the Philippines' 10th Battalion Combat Team deployed for mopping-up tasks behind the lines; bummed jeep and plance rides to be closer to the front moving past the North Korean capital of Pyongyang toward the Manchurian



border; hitchhiked back south when the Chinese entered the war and turned the UN advance into a rout—and through it all, unscathed amid the stench and horror, he dutifully filed his morale-boosting dispatches for the *Manila Times*.

Then, on a snowy day in December 1950, when the front had stabilized at the mountainous waist of the peninsula, Ninoy was with a column of American troops that walked into a machinegun

ambush. The soldier in front of Ninoy was hit and flung down, falling on him and drenching him with blood. He lay pinned under the dead soldier as the Chinese raked the road with their mortars.

The ordeal left him shell-shocked, and he couldn't write. He asked Chino Roces for a Christmas leave in Manila. But back in the city he felt guilty, sick at heart for having run away. He re-

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT IN
KOREA: QUESTIONS OF IDEOLOGY



solved to overcome his fear and flew back to the war, in an unconscious rehearsal, it might now be said, of that brave and fatal return to another battle, in the still remote future: "I knew I'd never feel the same again if I didn't go back."

It was a more reflective Ninoy who went for a second stint in Korea. "I had a different outlook," said Ninoy. "The playtime was

over."

He discovered in himself a melancholy strain, a capacity for somber thought—and his musings often hovered over questions of ideology: "I now had a healthier respect for the enemy. Oh, I was still caught up in the hogwash of the slogans: the Great Mission to Save the World from Communism. To me, communism and democracy had been black and white: communism was bad, democracy was good. But when I saw

how the North Korean prisoners were tortured and yet stuck to their own creed, I began to wonder. The tortures were in the worst Japanese manner you could think of. When Communists were captured they were beaten up to make them talk. And this was done by our own people."

One of the North Koreans taken prisoner by the Filipino battalion was a youth of 17 or 18. He was mauled, tortured, until he could barely move. Helped by an interpreter, Ninoy gradually won the prisoner's confidence.

The communist soldier, Ninoy was to recount later, was a farmer who had left home and farm because he felt he had to fight to save his country. He was not sorry; he had done his duty. No argument could convince him that he had fought for the wrong cause. When told that he was going to be killed, the boy shrugged and replied: "Everybody has to die sometime." Ninoy was awed by the conviction and courage of the prisoner who was as young as he was "but had been indoctrinated so much more effectively." In Kim Il Sung's Democratic People's Republic of Korea, what held sway was a militant Stalinist communism, disciplined and implacable.

But the Korean experience had revealed to Ninoy the human face of the "enemy." The daily slaughter, the piles of corpses, the deaths of friends in the 10th BCT, the civilian suffering aroused his pity and compassion. The war too had aged him—"ten or twenty years"—and gave him a sense of fatalism that, he said, had since remained with him: "Do your job, tomorrow will be another day—and if tomorrow doesn't come, so be it. I had seen guys healthy as a carabao one day that were dead the next day, and guys singing *Mona Lisa* a moment ago and now with their tongues hanging out..."

Still, he was not about to cast off his own "indoctrination" as a privileged son of the ruling class and become an ideologue committed to the liberation of the wretched of the earth. With his hoarded backpay, he got himself a



NINYO AS NEWSPAPERMAN ON THE HOMEFRONT
& NEAR THE 38TH PARALLEL: END OF "PLAYTIME"



Plymouth in Tokyo and brought it home with him on August 5, 1951.

The following year he went abroad once more as a *Times* correspondent—to write a series of articles on how the leaders of South-east Asia felt about “a Pacific Pact against communism.” The pact was President Quirino’s idea and was the precursor of the US-sponsored SEATO, which would be formed in 1954.

Ninoy hopped from one country to another — Taiwan, Thailand, South Vietnam, Burma, Malaya, Singapore and Indonesia. What it amounted to was another crash course in the political education of a tireless, quick-witted journalist. As Joaquin tells us in his Aquino biography, the reports the roving correspondent sent back to the *Times* now read “like chapters in the further

education of the young Ninoy Aquino (who was then pushing twenty) and like a movement towards the Asia-for-the-Asians that was to become a cry in the mid-50s.

"When he set out on his Asian tour, he was equipped with the domino theory that Westerners in Asia had made so formidable and terrifying; and he could write of Vietnam that 'should this state fall into the hands of the Communists the Free World might as well write off South Asia as LOST.' But by the end of his tour he had found out that communism was not uniformly a bogey for Asians, quite a number of whom equated it with liberation . . ."

What Ninoy discovered then was an Asia that was less than enthusiastic about an Asian alliance against the Communists, an Asia that feared, not communism, but involvement in a war between East and West. The proposed Pacific Pact, he wrote when he returned from his tour, struck Asians as one more ploy to enlist them in an American war against rival powers.

**Ninoy discovered an Asia
that feared, not communism,
but involvement in a war
between East and West.**

"To the Asian, the western argument that 'if communism wins, Asians stand to lose their civil liberties' is meaningless. To the Asian now jailed by the French in the numerous prisons of Vietnam for being 'too nationalistic,' civil liberties have no meaning. To the Asian jailed on St. John's Island in Singapore for possessing intelligence and a nationalistic spirit above the average, civil liberties are likewise meaningless. The Filipino is aware of American benevolence; but to the rest of Asia, the American looks like the French, the British and the Dutchman. To Asians, these people are the symbols of oppression. And many Asians prefer communism to western oppression . . ."

"An Asian leader, after visiting the Philippines," continued Ninoy, "went back to his people disillusioned. In tears he told them: 'Instead of finding light, I found western darkness.'" Unlike the



ON THE STUMP IN TARLAC: A TRUCE ON HIS TURF

Filipinos, most Asians were not horrified by communism: "As an offshoot of their fight against imperialism, many youthful nationalist leaders . . . sought the guidance of Marx, the arch-enemy of imperialism. When their countries gained statehood they found it beneficial to continue with the Marxist ideology . . ."

All this, to say the least, was unorthodox stuff in the Manila of the '50s, when the cold war had dropped to freezing, US State Secretary John Foster Dulles played godfather to SEATO, the US Joint Chiefs of Staff considered sending bombers from Clark to relieve the French about to be overrun by Ho Chi Minh's shock troops at Dien Bien Phu, and the PKP Politburo was smashed in a series of military raids.

Curiously, Ninoy Aquino's message, that Asian leaders were cold to Quirino's call for a pro-American alliance, in part because they believed that American policies in Asia were "double-faced and insincere," seemed to stir not a ripple of indignation or alarm in Malacanang and the US Embassy.

Perhaps Quirino and the Americans were too preoccupied to bother with a young upstart's reportage; and as it happened, they did share the same



pressing concern, though for different reasons — Malacanang's first Ilocano tenant feeling threatened and the Kano increasingly gratified by the popularity of Ramon Magsaysay, secretary of defense and anti-communist fighter.

(To be continued next week)



THE YOUNG "MANILA TIMES" REPORTER: DARLING OF THE PRESS

A woman writer joins the NDF panel for the ceasefire talks.

By Marra PL. Lanot

When student intellectuals were already beginning to reject the tinsel values of Hollywood and haute couture, Carolina S. Malay was writing about a very ordinary crime in the world of very ordinary people — the rape of Annabelle Huggins.

It was a time when serious women journalists were still quite rare. And so, young women writers of the Sixties in search of a role model found one in the person of Carolina S. Malay when they read her smooth and hard-hitting front-page series on the Annabelle Huggins case.

Carolina, nicknamed "Bobbie," a University of the Philippines English Literature graduate, was suddenly the new darling of the press. She had been writing "women's" stuff as staff member of the *Manila Times*, the most widely-circulated English daily in the country before martial law. With her Annabelle Huggins story, Bobbie became some sort of a phenomenon. Her day-to-day account of the court proceedings turned the case into a hot news item. The coverage somehow helped send the rapist to jail. It elicited sympathy from readers, and inspired movie producers to hound Huggins for a film version of the sensational story, with Huggins herself acting out her own character.

Ironically, the kind of coverage that Bobbie gave to the Annabelle Huggins case whetted the appetite of gangsters and unknown hoodlums for publicity and notoriety through crime. It also indirectly encouraged publications of tabloids which glorified sex and violence in the name of "truth" and "freedom of the press."

Bobbie herself shunned the glamor and the corruption. She shied away from the real-life role of Brenda Starr, star reporter.

When activists were making the

BOBBIE MALAY SURFACES

streets reverberate with "Down with Spanish!" and "Yankee, go home!" the French-speaking Bobbie was already writing for a Pilipino daily. She had transferred quietly from the *Manila Times* to the "less prestigious" *Balita*, a *Times* sister-publication. Nationalism was the "in" thing, but Pilipino writing was still out. Bobbie, however had made her choice on the language question.

When Ferdinand E. Marcos declared martial law, arrested writers and journalists and clamped down on all newspapers and magazines, many members of the writing profession found themselves tugged between commitment to self and commitment to serve the masses. As others hung undecided, Bobbie braced herself for the life of an underground rebel with a cause.

Also, when the young snobs of the First Quarter Storm dreamed of love a la French existentialists and literary giants Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, again, doe-eyed Bobbie—ever the avant-garde, the romanticist, the activist—lived in with newspaperman Satur Ocampo. Together, the two left behind their steady jobs, their comfortable homes, and all the "kaburgisan" which, in the parlance of the FQS rallyists, was a sin against the *masa*.

What probably would have shocked the more prudish among the young, had they known the background of their comrades, was that Satur was separated from his first wife, Sheila, and here was Bobbie shacking up with him. Child of the rebellious '50s and the liberal '60s, Bobbie, together with Gemma Cruz, may well be dubbed a forerunner of today's women's liberation heroines.

By 1972, Bobbie had decided to dedicate her life full time to the revolution. It was that decision of hers, not her relationship



IN A PENSIVE MOOD: SHUNNING THE ROLE OF BRENDA STARR

with Satur, that dictated the course of her life.

During the early days of martial rule, however, Bobbie found her space limited, her mobility restricted, her contribution to the cause relatively small and unsatisfactory. Suddenly she was pregnant, and her role was circumscribed by motherhood and housework. She had to accept her condition and the little sacrifices it entailed. Somehow, her personal or individual development was cut short. She resented the drudgery, which underscored her diminishing self-worth.

Her apparent helplessness, though, did not stop her from analyzing things. She quickly learned that there were objective conditions that subjective decisions couldn't control. She was not too far from her own home. She was attached to her children. She considered herself lucky to have Satur, who did his share of the household chores. She still had an amount of "ka-

burgisan" ingrained in her. She calls her indecisiveness in being a full-time revolutionary the unmistakable mark of the petit bourgeois. Even the unwillingness to give up her children she construes as petit bourgeois.

When Satur was detained, she made another major decision in her life. What she thought she couldn't do, she did. This time, instead of crying and feeling lost, she hied her two children off to Mama — of course, not without sobs and heartrending scenes — and plunged headlong into work with the "real masses."

Although relieved of the job of taking care of her children, she felt guilty — as she does up to now — of having to pass on the burden to another person, especially her mother. But Bobbie says she had no choice.

Explains Bobbie: "Kailangang mai-kait ko sa kaaway ang pinsalang nagawa nila na na-neutralize nila si Satur. Kung hindi siya makakakilos at hindi na ako makakilos, kailangan

makakilos kaming dalawa sa pamamagitan ng pagkilos ko."

For the very first time in her life, Bobbie enjoyed the kind of freedom she had never known. She felt she was making her own decisions all by herself. She no longer had to keep convincing her parents, especially her father, to let her be. Nobody could stop her now. She did not think of surfacing in order to work for the release of Satur, which, anyway, seemed improbable.

In the countryside, in the so-called "guerrilla zones," she was her own master. She moved about freely. She didn't have to be home at a certain hour. The comrades, she says, cared for her and were genuinely concerned. Although they did not know her real name, she was treated by the people as a long-lost member of one big family. "Ang emotional needs ko, natugunan sa paglubog sa masa. Ibang-iba rin sila. Mararamdaman mo sa pag-aaruga nila. Me masasandalan ka pag kailangan mo." She felt protected and safe.

About life in the guerrilla zone, Bobbie has nothing but praise. Well, she did get physically weak. There was even a time when she went down with hepatitis. It was during such trying times that she would miss Satur and her children so much. And yet, work kept her going, work gave her strength. She was finally doing what she had wanted to do all along: giving her all to the revolution.

Wasn't it possible for her to be "completely free" and still have her children with her? Didn't anyone bring along a child? Was revolution a black-and-white choice between family and the ultimate sacrifice? Did the liberation struggle have no place for planning the daily routine of breastfeeding, child-rearing, sharing in housework, or even planning babies?

In the countryside, reports Bobbie, everyone helps in raising children and doing housework. Everyone is equal. But then, it's actually risky to bring small children with you up in the hills. With government troops hot on your trail, it just isn't advisable to worry over the little *ritasos* while crossing ravines and avoiding snakes in thick forests. This is not counting the tension and starvation and malaria and typhoid you might have to contend with.



WITH JEAN POPE (CENTER) & "TIMES" STAFFERS: HOPES & RISKS

For Bobbie, there was no time to ponder over these things, much less sulk or regret. Satur was detained. She had made a decision. She had to run. And run she did—literally for her life. The moment was what mattered. Each day she survived meant renewed hope for the revolution. And perhaps for seeing Satur again?

In the countryside, there is a curious combination of puritanism and a liberal outlook where female-male relationships are concerned. While teasing and matchmaking are taboo, it is considered all right for a woman to court a man. If a man can have choices, a woman should also have options. Sometimes, due to modesty or sheer distance, they will have their mediator and their pen-pal system. Climbing the highest mountain or swimming the deepest sea may literally have to be done just to reach one's beloved.

And if the answer is no, you can try again or hunt elsewhere.

A liberated attitude "up in the hills," however, does not take into account the Third Sex. What about them? Will they be persecuted or prosecuted after the revolution? Will they be like their gay brothers in Cuba who took part in the revolution but were given years of hard labor after the bearded machos had won the war?

And then, come to think of it, won't a woman be accepted by the courted male only out of pity? Or doesn't machismo, which truly abounds in the Philippines, in any way deny full respect to a wooing female? Courtship may never be coerced, but are matters like these ever openly and honestly discussed?

In the liberated zones, premarital sex and live-in arrangements are strictly forbidden—*bawal*. Personally, Bobbie confides, she objects to this prohibition. But under present conditions, on the other hand, Bobbie



BOBBIE!

*Ihalal na Direktor ng NPC
si*

CAROLINA S. MALAY

ng TALIBA (ang diyaryo ng masa)

***Ipaglaban ang ating kalayaan!
Iboto ang buong tiket ni Doronila!***



**CAMPAIGN HANDOUT (TOP), GOING TO CHINA IN 1964 WITH
FEL MAGNO, MAX SOLIVEN & GENE MARCIAL: COMMITMENT**

thinks the prohibition serves to protect women.

Children, as has been cited, are better left safe outside of the fighting area. Since rearing "potential revolutionaries" is taken as part of the struggle, parents — usually, mothers — have the option of taking care of the children themselves wherever they chose to stay, or of leaving them with grandparents and relatives, usually female, or of entrusting them to a collective or a community's socialized service, also largely female. Decisions, Bobbie believes, are more easily arrived at by peasants than by the bourgeois or petit bourgeois. This is so because peasants clearly understand class relations and grasp the importance of their work in terms of pro-

duction. Besides, the peasants have nothing to lose but the hunger that robs so many of their malnourished children of life.

As for divorce, members of the Communist Party of the Philippines and of the New People's Army practice it on certain grounds. Bobbie cites adultery, incompatibility, "gross infidelity," espionage or betrayal of the cause (as when a member turns informer), and strong objection by anyone in the community. Furthermore, if one's spouse falls into the hands of "the enemy," and absolutely no reunion takes place within five years, the spouse not caught by the enemy may seek divorce. It is stressed that a divorce is granted only after all attempts at a reconciliation, usually

initiated by the couple's relatives or by the neighborhood, become futile.

And rape? Rape is punishable by death. Personally, Bobbie favors death for a heinous crime like rape. Capital punishment, she clarifies, is what the masses want. It is the masses, she stresses, who influence policies. Sometimes, she thinks the masses are stricter than the college-educated and the city-bred. The dictum of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth works best at times for people who have no experience with bureaucratic procedures but have an instinct for justice, as when a simple solution for them is common sense for an obvious crime.

Besides, was not Carolina S. Malay, along with the lady judge, Lourdes San Diego, who decided on the Annabelle Huggins case, applauded when Ruben Ablaza, Huggins's rapist, was meted a very stiff penalty?

Bobbie Malay Ocampo has just been issued a safe conduct pass by the government to take part in the ceasefire talks. She joins former newspaper colleagues Satur Ocampo and Tony Zumel as representatives of the National Democratic Front whose task is to negotiate with Minister of Agriculture Ramon V. Mitra, and Commissioner on Audit Teofisto Guingona, who is taking the place of Jose W. Diokno. How she will fare as peacemaker in this exciting moment of our history bears watching.

The first time Bobbie's name was floated as a possible member of the ceasefire negotiating panel, Bobbie's initial reaction was to decline the nomination. "Ano, tokenism? Ayoko nga," she jests. Among the Left, male chauvinism, as we all know, is rather normal. In fact, Bobbie became officially part of the ceasefire negotiation only after the names of Ocampo and Zumel had been announced several times in the papers. If there are any ideas filling Bobbie's head regarding the much-awaited talks, newspaper readers do not know. Reporters have so far been picking up statements only from Ocampo and Zumel.

Bobbie welcomes the opportunity to surface, as necessitated by her peacemaking task. She will have a chance to relive a "normal" life,



25
Years
of the
U.P.
Journalism
Club

U.P. JOURNALISM CLUB BROCHURE SHOWS JOSE MA. SISON (EXTREME LEFT), BOBBIE MALAY (FOURTH FROM LEFT) & DEAN ARMANDO MALAY (THIRD FROM RIGHT): PROBLEMS & GOALS

and to attend to her children, whom she misses. Her daughter, Silahis, charming at 14, is Bobbie's spitting image. Son Antonio, 12, looks like Satur. Bobbie can also strengthen further her ties with her own brothers as well as her parents, Armando Malay and Paula Carolina Malay, both of whom have been active in assisting families and relatives of political detainees.

Looking back on her life, and despite her idealistic depiction of the guerrilla zone, Bobbie intimates: "May ilang bagay na ngayong tinitingnan ko'y importanteng ma-resolve."

Carolina S. Malay Ocampo, at 47, or thereabouts, has no regrets. Her youthful complexion belies her greying hair. "Sabi ko nga noon kay Satur," she reveals, "hindi naman tayo kailangang magpakasal. Sa panig niya, gusto naman niyang magkaroon ng pormal na commitment sa akin. Aba, maganda naman, ano? Medyo conservative siya. Conservative na me laman naman... Ewan ko kung gaano naman ka-sincere din ako doon, ano? Kasi, ngayong iniisip ko, kung sa

naging buhay naman ni Simone de Beauvoir at saka ni Sartre, e, diha-dong-dihado naman si Simone. Sa punto de vista ng emosyon, grabe din ang pagseselos niya. Nasaktan silang pareho ni Sartre, pero mas nasasaktan si Simone, at sa kanya ang bagsak ng stigma ng society." (De Beauvoir and Sartre believed in and practiced free love.)

Bobbie's mind wanders, off into another time, into several summers past. But she keeps her seat, granting this interview—her very first interview ever, as far as she can remember. "Ewan ko kung sinasabi ko lang ba iyong walang formal commitment dahil me options available sa akin noon. Kung kagipitan, mas mahirap iyong maging independent, e, di ba? Mas maganda 'yong me responsibilidad sa commitment. Walang kabuluhan ang kalayaan mo kung hindi mo tinatanggap ang responsibilidad mo."

Meanwhile, she is grappling with new questions. How, for instance, do you handle feminist issues, which have long been neglected in the struggle for national liberation? How

do you handle aspects of women's oppression and exploitation which cannot be explained by economics or are not related to mode of production? How do you activate or conscientize the silent majority among women, the "ordinary" housewives who are deeply immersed in real, inescapable, daily troubles? How do you politicize the captives of imperialist culture and commercial hype, or the women and men who believe in the human rights of the fertilized ovum but are not bothered by the effects on actual human beings of foreign bases and nuclear weapons?

Bobbie signifies a desire to study the matter. There are problems, she admits, and there are goals. She suggests: "Kailangang bakahin lahat ang sagabal sa paglaya ng babae, both on short-term and long-term bases. Kulang pa ang feminist influence sa ating pananaw sa struggle."

With her open mind, Carolina Malay Ocampo may yet show once more — with feeling — why she was the top young female journalist of her generation.

[M]



Play depicting Lumad unity vs. common enemy: Fighting a guerrilla war with indigenous weapons & confiscated firearms

FIGHTING BACK

By BENJAMIN PIMENTEL JR.

A story told to generations of Manobos relates the exploits of a great warrior named Tulalang. After being captured and imprisoned by the Spaniards, the hero has a vision of the Manobo god Manama accompanied by *diwatas* (angels) calling on him to fight for the salvation of the Manobo people. Bestowed with supernatural powers, Tulalang escapes from his captors and leads his tribe to a victorious struggle against their enemies.

This epic takes several nights to recite in full. And up to now, the Manobos keep in touch with their past as they listen to the tale of their legendary hero. But the story of Tulalang is more than just a form of entertainment to the Manobos, more than a tribal version of Superman or Rambo. From the epic they learn of the crises that their ancestors faced and con-

**The tribes of Mindanao
need more than the support
of legendary heroes
in their struggle against
injustice & exploitation.**

quered. From it they draw inspiration and the will to fight on in their present struggles. Tulalang, to the Manobo tribe, is a symbol of survival and victory.

Tulalang's story supposedly took place hundreds of years ago. But the enemies mentioned in the tale — the invaders and oppressors who lied to them, took away their land and brought destructive influences to their tribe — the Manobos still confront today.

In 1957, a Christian by the name of Augusto Gana came to a Manobo barrio called Libungan in North Cotabato. He asked for and was granted by the Manobos a 20-year lease on a portion of land for cattle-raising in exchange for one cow every year. But after 20 years, according to Ramon Bayaan of the Manobos, "Sa halip na ang mga baka ang mawala, kami pa ang napaalis sa lupa namin." He says that Gana, through the years, had been expanding his ranch into the rest of the Manobo territory.

Open conflict flared up in 1963, when Bayaan's father was killed by one of Gana's ranch hands. Backed by the military, Gana used bulldozers to drive the Manobos off their land. The tribe turned for help to the MINDAHILA (Mindanao Highlanders Association) and the PANAMIN (Presidential Authority on National Minorities). But nothing came of their requests and Gana was even able to

Bagobo elder Tomas Ito prays for sustained unity, top; baylans prepare for ritual, middle; blood compact to signify oneness as people: Preserving the old ways

strengthen his position in Libungan. It was then that the Manobos began to fight back. Their leader, Datu Mambiling, led around 80 Manobo families armed with indigenous weapons and a few confiscated firearms in a bitter guerrilla war against Gana.

Twice Mambiling came down from the hills to surrender after the local authorities and the PANAMIN promised him justice. And twice, he returned to his guerrilla camps when those promises proved empty. As of this writing, Mambiling is engaged in a dialogue with the acting governor of South Cotabato province, Dr. Rosario Diaz, to find a solution to the plight of the Manobos. Gana, a member of the Kilusang Bagong Lipunan and the former mayor of Kidapawan, South Cotabato, is not participating in the talks. Many of the Manobos are skeptical that he will give up the land so easily.

Datu Mambiling does not have Tulalang's supernatural powers. In the face of Gana's bulldozers and the high-powered rifles of the military, he and his people had no choice but to pull back. The old Manobo ritual of putting chicken blood on their hands — a ritual meant to bring good luck — did not protect them from Gana's goons. Nor did it prevent Gana from taking over more than 5,000 hectares of Manobo land.

The Manobos know how to fight a war in the rugged terrain of Cotabato. They know what plants could be used as medicine and how to find food in the jungle. These Tulalang teaches them in the tale. But against the likes of Augusto Gana, with his powerful machines and weapons, and institutions which collaborate with him in a merciless campaign against the Manobos — against all these, the lessons from the epic have been inadequate.

Tulalang, however, continues to provide them with the spirit to survive. They have realized the need to learn the ways of the modern world in order to preserve their old ways, their culture and their tribe.

The Manobos are not alone in their struggle. Across Mindanao, non-Muslim



tribes collectively known as the Lumads, each with a long history of oppression and an epic tale of a legendary hero passed on from generation to generation and invoked for guidance and inspiration, have come to realize that no Tulalang or any other folk hero and no datu or individual can single-handedly bring about their liberation. To survive, they would have to make heroes of themselves embodying as one tribe and as one Lumad people all the course and determination of their ancestors and legendary leaders.

Last June 24 to 27, 125 delegates from different Lumad tribes in Mindanao came together for the first time and formed the Lumad Mindanao (LM) alliance. The 14 of the 18

soothing sound of the *agong* called on the spirits of their heroic dead, a tribesman read the list of Lumads who had perished during their struggle, affirming with the entire assembly: "It is not for us to be weak; it is for us to push forward."

In the following days, the tribes shared their experiences of repression and oppression, acknowledged their common plight and affirmed the need for unity in struggle.

Indeed, the parallelisms are clear. The tyranny suffered by one tribe is repeated over and over again in the experience of other tribes all over Mindanao.

A statement by different Lumad groups and Lumad solidarity organizations sums up their plight: "For generations since the Spanish-American colonization

area while the authorities went gold-hunting.

But the tribe, led by Datu Napungahan, resisted and the military started harassing the villagers. The Banwaons were forced to evacuate their homes and retreated to the jungle where they stayed for more than a year. The CHDF soldiers caught up with and hanged six of the fleeing tribesmen. The Banwaon children lost a lot of blood in the jungle filled with leeches, prompting Datu Napungahan to comment: "Kahit saan kami magpunta, maraming linta."

The Lumads suffered as a result of the government's counter-insurgency campaign. A Mamanwa tribesman says that the military would warn them, "Huwag kayong pupunta doon dahil may NPA doon. Pag may makita kayong NPA, NPA na rin kayo." Often, these were not just empty threats. In March 1985, Carlito Hubasan of the Mamanwas was on his way to the lowlands to buy some rice when accosted by soldiers. He was interrogated on rebel activity in the area and eventually accused of being an NPA member himself. He was stabbed with his own bolo, his brain sliced from his head, wrapped in his own T-shirt and placed on his chest.

Some, like the B'laan, found themselves in the middle of warring forces: the Ilagas against the Muslims; the military against the NPA; the military against the MNLF. Many found another enemy in the multinational corporations which had invaded Mindanao.

As explained in the Lumad statement, "The loss of prime land had made them beggars, dependent and discriminated upon while their resources are sapped by giant corporations such as Goodyear, Dole, del Monte, NDC-Guthrie, logging and mining concessions. Bananas, coffee, cacao and fish are shipped out while the Lumads starve." And if the people of the Cordillera have the Chico River Dam, the Manobos have the Pulangi Dam being constructed by the National Power Corporation in Bukidnon which threatens to submerge 13 Manobo villages.

Years of oppression have affected the customs and traditions of many of the tribes. According to Ciriaco Polaren of the Subanens, because of hamletting, evacuations and harassment by the military, his tribe could no longer perform many of their religious rituals. The military has driven them off



Atty. Jake Zafra & Datu Sumalla: Pushing the cause for self-determination



Lumad tribes that participated — Mamanwa, Manobo, Mangguangan, Higaanon, Banwaon, Mandaya, Bagobo, Subanon, Dibabawan, Ata-Manobo, Mansaka, Eroman Manobo, B'laan and T'boli — came from 14 Mindanao provinces. Tribal Filipino support groups like PACT (People's Action for Cultural Ties), KKK (Kalihukan para sa Lumadnong Kalingkawasan) and KADUMA LUMAD (Lumad Solidarity) also attended the convention. The Lumads elected the first set of officers of the alliance, namely: Datu Balitungtong of the Higaanon tribe, chairman; Datu Sumalla of the Mangguangan, secretary-general; and three representatives from the other three of the five sub-regions in Mindanao.

On the first day of the congress, the Lumads paid tribute to their martyrs during a *luksang parangal*. As the soft

and to this day, the Lumads, once proud warrior-inhabitants of Mindanao, are pushed to the hills; their vast lands granted by laws and decrees to foreign and local capitalists and to hordes of poor settlers from Luzon and Visayas."

A major problem for all the tribes is the military, particularly the CHDF (Civilian Home Defense Force). Says Edna Napungahan of the Banwaon tribe, "Ayaw namin ang CHDF dahil sila ang nanggugulo."

In 1984, 500 CHDF troopers came to a Banwaon village called Mahagsay, in Surigao del Norte, and forcibly recruited tribesmen to the CHDF. According to Datu Napungahan, the local authorities, the PANAMIN people and the CHDF believed there was 'bulawan' (gold) in Banwaon land. They wanted the tribesmen to serve as the security force in the

their lands, taken away their chickens and pigs needed for the rituals and constantly harassed them wherever they went. But being innately religious, they have not let their plight prevent them from worshipping their gods—even if it means adopting Christian practices. Says Polaren: "Christian rituals are effective but ours are more effective because they are more direct. We wish that someday we could go back to our own rituals."

In fact, the Lumads have developed a very flexible and pragmatic attitude toward religion. The T'bolis, for example, decided to adopt an official religion

through the democratic process: the tribe voted for Catholicism. But according to Timonas Dalinan, this did not mean the abandonment of indigenous beliefs and practices. Somehow, the T'bolis managed to mix their native culture with Christian ways. They simply saw the Catholic Church as the most effective vehicle for organizing their ranks and advancing the interests of the tribe. "Religion should not be a problem," asserts Phil Azora of the Manobos. "It should not be a source of conflict and division."

Other tribes had to endure the violation of their ancestral laws and customs.

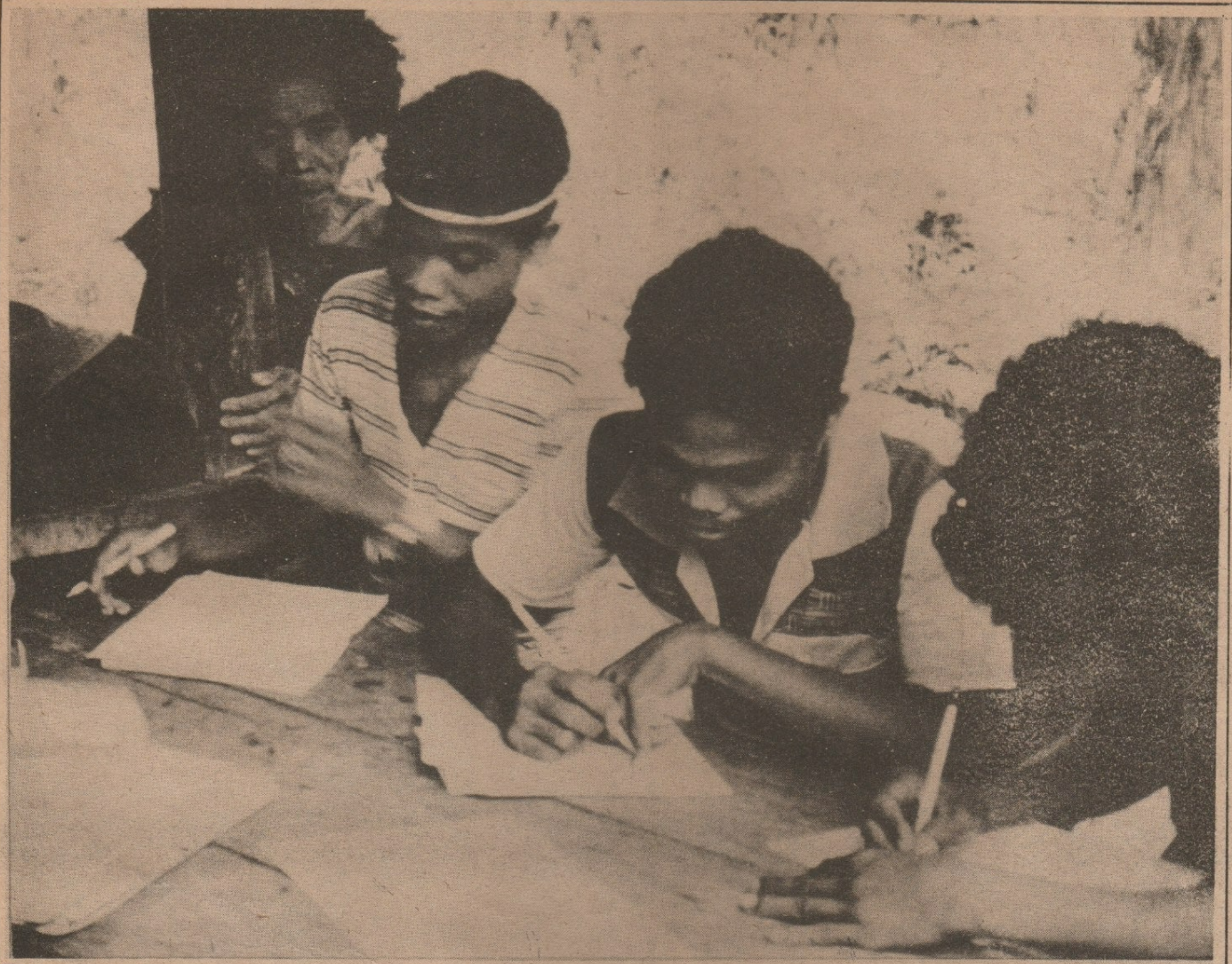
The Bagobos, for example, look at Mt. Apo the way the Greeks viewed Mt. Olympus. It is the abode of their gods which they have to guard and protect. According to their beliefs, they should not cultivate a piece of land near the mountain for more than three years, for "the land also gets tired" and the gods will be angered. But Christian settlers did not respect this belief and exploited even the resources on the mountain itself. Now, according to Tomas Ito, the lake on top of Mt. Apo, unlike in the past, dries up during the hot season, signifying the displeasure of the gods.

Like the people of the Cordillera, they believe that no one can own land for it is the land that owns the people. Man is but the steward of the earth. The Lumads claim they had always accommodated the Christian settlers in their territory, willing to share the responsibility of caring for the gifts of the gods. But more often than not the Christians abused such hospitality.

For the Lumads, deprivation has left them with very few options. Among the Mamanwas, for example, some have turned to crime while many have become beggars. The Mamanwas are also known heavy drinkers and Padodog Bernardez links this to their mendicant life: "Umiinon kami para hindi na mahiyang manlimos." Felisa Hubasan, or Nang Piling as she is called, has repeatedly appealed to her fellow Mamanwas, "Huwag na kayong manghihingi dahil napapahiya

Falcatta plantation destroyed by Manobos in protest of landgrabbing, top left; hamlet in Agusan del Sur, lower left; "salvage" victim: "Limitado rin ang pasensya namin."





Mamanwa literacy class in Surigao: Victory lies in their own hands

ang tribo natin." But she laments that they often have to forget tribal pride in order to eat.

Non-violence is another tradition that is being eroded in many of the tribes. Atty. Jake Zafra, chairman of the KADUMA LUMAD and a human rights lawyer, expresses his admiration for the simplicity of the Lumad people. He says, "They are a peace-loving people. They don't like conflict. They have been retreating for a long time, willing to give up their possessions for peace. Kung may maaatrasan pa sila sa bundok, aatras sila para lang makaiwas sa gulo. Ang problema sa lowlands, inaapi sila ng mga settlers at corporations. Sa bundok naman naroon ang mga logging concessionaires. Saan pa sila pupunta?"

Says Pepito Moranas of the B'laans, "Ang mga ninuno namin hindi marunong

magpaapi. Lalaban ang mga iyon. Kami marunong nang magbigay. Pero limitado rin ang pasensya namin. Tulad ng langgam, pag sinira mo ang bahay, nangangagat na."

And how much patience do the Lumads still have? "Mubo-mubo," very little, says Nang Piling. "Sirang-sira na ang pamumuhay namin. Namamatay na kami sa gutom."

Apo Ito of the Bagobos tells about Mabalian, a Bagobo holy man, whose dreams are considered predictions in the tribe. Once Mabalian had a vision of a man in long pants carrying a book emerging from the sea. This man supposedly will be their savior and his coming will mean the total fulfillment of their faith.

The Christians, the PANAMIN and the military came and wreaked havoc on their lives. And this reinforced their

growing distrust of this myth of a savior. As Nestor Masinaing of the Mandayas, says, "Noon hindi masabi ng Lumad ang mga nangyayari sa kanila. Ngayon sila na mismo ang humaharap sa militar. Ngayon hindi na sila madaling matakot kahit maraming napatay sa kanila. Ngayon sila mismo ang nag-oorganize. Before, they used to think that people from the lowlands are saviors. But now they are pushing the cause of self-determination."

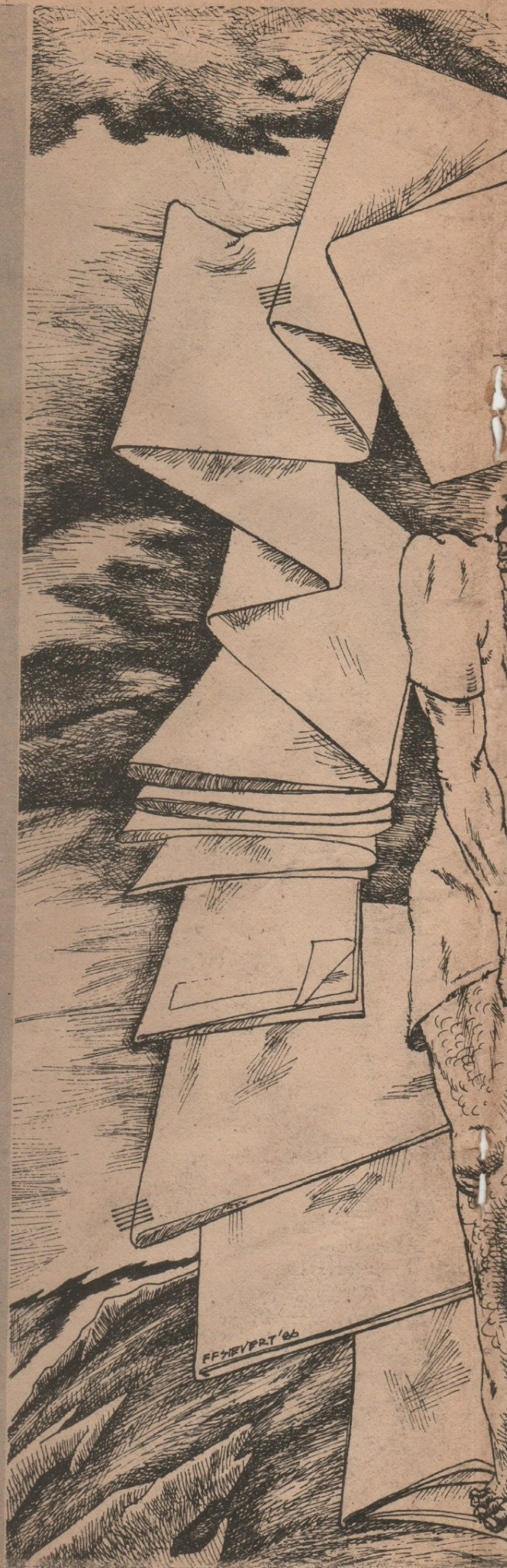
On the last night of the congress, the Lumads put blood on their hands the way Datu Mambiling and the Manobos did in order to bring good luck in their fight against Augusto Gana. But this time, they realize that good luck will not just depend on the gods or a legendary hero. Their victory, the Lumads now know, lies in their own hands. [M]

FICTION By RAOUL RAFAEL S. PANES

HOBNOBBING WITH MORRIS

CHRISTENED Mauricio de los Santos y Magdamit, the baby Morris was a crybaby. He was always hollering for milk and his Nanay had enough brains to jam a sometimes too-hot bottle into his gaping mouth; quite providential as this mouth would eventually distinguish him from the horde of me-too society writers when he grew up. The ancestral house was a simple two-storey edifice—a big chunk of rock, it seemed, as was typical of the houses on the island—with a tin plate, the back of which a curious visitor could easily identify as a portion of a Baguio Oil can, that said “35” and slashes of black paint that formed a cross on the termite-infested door. And “35” meant No. 35, Pilak Street, Barrio Tambo, Basco, Batanes.

This episode in his life, Morris Acheng (for that is how he now calls himself) would rather “obfuscate and delete” (his words) from memory. So that when the housemaid gave him a letter addressed to a “Mr. Mauricio de los Santos, Number 39, Banaba Rd, Forbes Fark, Makate, Mitro





From Barrio Tambo to Alabang & EDSA with Mauricio de los Santos y Magdamit

Manila, Philippines," postmarked Basco, Batanes, with a 60-centavo stamp from "Sender: Nanay," he nearly fainted as his kumadres Archie Singson and Nestie Kohwangco curiously eyed the envelope.

"Punyeta, Barang! Bakit mo ibinigay ito sa akin? Check with the houseboy and the driver, this might be theirs!" he shrieked as he quickly regained his composure, then sent the envelope hurtling towards the bewildered Barang (a townmate) with a flick of his oftentimes limp wrist.

The very first complicated English word Morris learned at Tambo Elementary School was "society." Mrs. Consolacion M. Dolor, his Social Studies teacher, defined it as "a group of people sharing the same ideas and united by a common law." He was so happy with this addition to his vocabulary he always flaunted it when he talked with his Nanay and Tatay: "Mag-aaral ako nang mabuti para makatung sa society," and with his playmates: "Alam ba ninyo na ang Barrio Tambo ay isang society?" Even now, he still uses the word

during introductions at cocktail parties, "Hi, I'm Morris Acheng, society writer of the *Daily Inspirer* and *Inquisitor* magazine." This would send the other party reeling, "Oww! . . . I'm glad to meet you. You have a very nice column, you know." Being a soft-hearted person by nature, Morris wrote kindly of these people who bowed to him as he fluttered about at every gathering:

Busy-as-a-bee, born-again Manila socialite CHINITA ABELARDO sang "My Way," sending hearts a-fluttering, most especially the beaming spouse, PORKY CASTANEDA, who has managed to keep his suave looks and Prince Charming manners after all these years. In one corner, I spotted art connoisseur MARK ABRIL with his enchanting daughter IRENE, kept under constant watch by the hazel eyes of . . . oops—my lips are sealed . . . la di da!

Morris was a born writer; back in Tambo he always got 90+ in his English class. A model student, he never got to be close to his boy classmates who were always

scooting to the nearest basketball court, as he found dressmaking more to his liking. After classes, he would hie himself off to the Home Economics building and there exchange gossip with Rita, Maria, Veronica, Simplicia and Aging, while they sewed little dresses for their baby dolls. But always, he was the writer, sometimes even ghostwriting for the girls when they failed to do their compositions at home. The teachers couldn't be fooled, however. They could see through vintage Morris writing. "Rita can never write like this, Mauricio!" Miss Ignacio would say. And Morris, as if to say "What did I do, Madam?", would look at the spinster with his labial orifice wide open, smeared lollipop coloring still visible, traces of a beauty parlor game with the girls where he played a loud matron with red, red lips.

PURSED Lips" was his final choice for his column's title. Finalists were "Cavorting with Morris" and "¡Hola!.. but he found "Pursed Lips" most elegant. It conjured an image of queenly hush-hush—Queen Elizabeth applauding Swan Lake with pursed lips and soft, begloved clapping. Presently, Morris was at the peak of his career, numerous magazines and newspapers were pirating him, only his delicadeza kept him from accepting the juicy offers. He owed a lot to Dona Marifori, his publisher. Shortly after he graduated from Tambo Provincial

High School, Nanay wanted him to go to Manila to study at UE even if she had to sell the pigs. He was actually content with rustic life on the typhoon-prone island as he already had a glowing clientele as a dressmaker. But even burly Tatay insisted that he take Accounting in the city. So with a tinge of sadness and a bagful of his favorite Mills and Boon paperbacks, he set out with his Auntie Bibing for the city, unable to persuade his parents at the last minute to send him to that famous school, St. Scholastica, instead.

Seasoned by natural calamities, Morris thrived in Manila like a little dainty daisy growing on parched land. His Batanes typhoon mentality served him well. The idiom couldn't be more apt. His was a rags-to-riches story in Manila. Hard-pressed by dwindling finances and a growing penchant for night life, Morris sewed rags from cuttings he gathered from the tailoring shop below his boarding house and sold them to a Batangueña trader in Divisoria. Then when he had made enough money he ventured into designing and sewing baby dresses. By the time he graduated, he was into gowns and party dresses. The tailor sold him the space and equipment on a generous installment plan, and "Morris Creations" was born. This was where he met Dona Marifori, who easily recognized good yet cheap talent. Eventually she would learn about Morris' writing skills and see the potentials of a gossip writer for the paper she was planning to put up.

It was no mean feat, making the jump from seamstress to society writer. Morris knew a lot of high society people, habitues of the expensive bars, discos and cafes which he was finally able to afford after some years of frequenting "Rosing's Super Discoteque" in Quiapo. Soon he was popular in

Manila's social circles, he was receiving invitations to receptions, inaugurations, movie premieres, dinner parties, left and right. His little pink heart was jumping with joy, oh so wondrously! Fat envelopes came his way from publicity-hungry matrons just so they could see their names, all caps, 10 pts., along with flattering adjectives in his column. Talk about envelopmental journalism. But he was proud to say that he never accepted these envelopes. He was no mercenary.

FEBRUARY 23, 1986, he woke up with a start. Barang was pounding the door like mad. "Kuya! Kuya! Rebolusyon!" she blurted out as he unlatched the mahogany door and she thrust out a copy of *Malaya* that screamed: "A REVOLUTION OF THE PEOPLE — GEN. RAMOS." His initial reaction was disbelief. This must be a lampoon edition. It wasn't. Fear gripped him. My God! There'll be shooting in the streets! But as he returned to his bed and reclined, he thought the rebellion wasn't going to work. President Marcos is one tough guy. Morris had personally seen how everybody kowtowed to the man and FL at Malacanang parties. He groped for the switch on the headrest and found his favorite FM station playing "Living in America." He fiddled with the tuner and caught a news break that reported people massing in front of Camps Crame and Aguineldo. Otherwise, stations were on normal programming. Even the TV had its regular Sunday fare: pastors preaching hell, fire and brimstone stuff. Nothing to worry about, he told himself, and drifted back to sleep.

After breakfast in bed, he locked himself in the study and began jotting down notes as he recalled last night's party at Alabang. Under the headings MUST MENTION, CAN

MENTION and NEVER MIND, he listed names. Did Perlle wear an immaculate white gown by Fitoy? Was Dinkie Rowmaldez with R.J. de la Fuente? I thought I overheard Sandy telling Don Miguel that her mom was in Switzerland . . . After an hour, he started pounding his typewriter:

PURSED LIPS
Morris Acheng

ALABANG! OH LA LA!

Dateline: Singson Mansion, Alabang Hills, 2/22

God smiled on the glittering guests at PEARLIE SINGSON'S debut as He let out the full moon and thousands of twinkling stars to watch over the happy occasion.

Naturally, handsome Engineer ROBERT SINGSON had the first dance as the still svelte Mrs. AURORA SINGSON looked on, teary-eyed. But the long line that followed included top surgeon (and still a bachelor) JIMMY CO, tall-dark-and-handsome SONNY LIPA of the shipping clan, MANOLO REYES who wore a pin-striped suit tailored in Europe . . .

When he typed the last sentence, "Smile now, dear. Catch you later, alligator," he was on his seventh sheet. Exhausted, he trudged to the kitchen for a glass of orange juice. There he found the househelp and the driver intently listening to a transistor radio. He realized that the EDSA affair was for real.

PURSED LIPS
Morris Acheng

EDSA TRA LA LA!

Breezing through that long stretch of cement practically every day when my chauffeur would bring me to my appointments, I never realized that EDSA could be the scene of good, clean fun notwithstanding the stony faces of loyalist soldiers and their grim tanks.

OUT! OUT!! OUT!!! is the dictator FERDINAND MARCOS and his obese provinciana wife who tried so hard to social-climb her way in to the world's royal elite, IMELDA MARCOS. As soon as we learned about this fact, we danced on top of our Mercedes right smack on EDSA that fateful Tuesday night. MIKE LIMAY, VP of Millionaire's Bank, was ecstatic and so was his wife, philanthropist and Cory Crusader, BING. "Un million de gracias! La noche esta divina!" cried DON RAMONCITO DE AHYALAH while dousing himself with Dom Perignon and dancing to the beat of "Menudo Magsaysay" blaring from the huge Sony recorder of Manila Plaza PR girl ORCHIDS DE LAS FLORES. Unabashedly crying with her pretty-as-a-picture daughters was yellow campaigner CARMINA LUPA, famous for her chain of jewelry shops. All the while, saintly BHOB BARONG was busy recording the sidelights with his video camera. I did miss MINNIE HOLMES and SUSIE SPINKS of the US diplomatic community who were so busy earlier in the day manning the Food Brigade stall at Gate 5 of Camp Aguinaldo, unmindful of racial boundaries. And where was former Bb. Philippines-Gay GLORIA DACDAC who peppered a lucky cigarette vendor with kisses when the false news of the dictator's exit Monday morning broke?

Geez, what an experience! More so for Cebu luminary NIXON CHONGBUN who cancelled his Latin American trip a day before the revolution. "Call it ESP, Morris dear," he confided. Also missed were the cousins of the new President, the onomatopoetic regal trio of TINGTING, MINGMING and KRINGKRING DIMAGIBA. They were in Malacañang that night, they later told me. Brimming with nationalism was transportation mogul ATTY. CALIXTO PANTRANCO who ordered his buses to block the tanks. Tarlac hacendera LAMPEL COJUANGCO, Nagros sugar baroness LALA MON-

TELIBANO, distiller BRANDY AYALA, with famous proctologist DR. RAY DELA CRUIX, they all came! . . .

In the national interest, Morris shelved his Alabang piece and worked on the EDSA narrative. The following days he spent digging up facts about emerging political figures, particularly the new ministers, most of whom, having been practically picked up by the President from the streets, Morris, by God, didn't know much about. Stooping down to street parliamentary level was not exactly his cup of tea but, he shrugged, that's how the cookie crumbles.

The "O" in Morris' "What's In, What's Out" articles is exactly how his mouth shapes into whenever he laughs in gay abandon. And the sound the O-rifice emits, geez, upstages Elvira Manggahan when he appears on her show. So impressed as a producer with this that, just today, he offered to produce "Pursed Lips" on TV. "We'll give 'em more of your famous laugh, Morris," he said. Of course, Morris is flattered by such propositions, but for the moment he would rather decline. No time. He's busy researching on the life and times of COL. RINGO GULAMAN. And yes, Nanay is in town, she arrived last night. She asked him to accompany her to Malacanang as she wanted to see Imelda's bras. Tatay wasn't interested. Just her. With two baskets of upO, patOla, kangKong, and manOk for her favorite son.

See you later, alligator.

[M]



MAKATI HAIRDRESSER

BY PAUL WALLFISCH

The Playboy paintings on the wall aren't straight
And the potted plants grate
Against the venetian
Blinds me to the begging hands
Of dirty, little boys clawing the glass

With pursed lips
And empty purses

And my compadres on the inside
Giving lip service to
The People

Power
To shut the blinds
And straighten the frames
That keep these exotic plants
Potted against the wind.

THE CHILDREN OF NEGROS

BY HENRY C. VILLALVA

They lean over bamboo stairs
dry mouthed, eyes
moving soft and deceptive, flies
meandering over scant faces.
Limp and damp, delicate as young birds,
their fluttery, fledgling lips
inch slowly,
drawing in the warm air.

And at night,
the faint moon falling through parched canes,
the heat going down
so their musky smell comes even stronger,
drifting down from slimy cradles:
so many crying infants,
stiff blue-veined fingers,
lips neither dead nor alive,
loose ghostly mouths
sadly breathing.



What happens when a Philippine islander meets a son of the Iranian desert in Thailand.



Holiday at Pattaya

BY E.P. PATANÑE

It began drowsily with an early morning dash — downstairs to the Thai Hotel restaurant for a quick order of chicken sandwiches and a quick gaggle with a cab driver to take us, for five bahts, to Silpakorn University where the excursion to the archeological sites of Ayutthaya and Lop Buri was to begin.

We drove past the Sunday Market to a complex of imposing buildings, with great shade trees and into the wrong gate. An elderly Thai, about the only person thereabouts, told us the university's entrance was around the block. We backed up and roared out in search of the university's main gate. We found it. There were some Thai students, boys and girls, sitting around.

We inquired about the excursion which the *Bangkok Post* has announced during the week.

"Oh, that," a very friendly Thai said. "That is for next Sunday."

We gave him a wry face and decided to take in the Sunday Market, Bangkok's tourist attraction: something like the Luneta or the Quezon City rotunda suddenly taking in all the visiting small merchants, traders and peddlers from the provinces. But only for a Sunday. "You'll find good bargains in there," we were told. We didn't shop. We found a lot of pepper, dried and ground, for sale.

Back at the hotel, we roused our Iranian roommate and told him what happened.

"Good," he exclaimed. "Now, you can join us. We are going to Pattaya beach." It seems that one of the two Filipino girl delegates (we were participat-

ing in an ECAFE conference) had met a Hungarian who had invited her to Pattaya. Our guide would be a Thai girl who has been to the Philippines and had known this Filipino girl.

The two Filipino girls were in on the trip, also Omar, a nice Nepalese chap with the United Nations. At breakfast I ate my chicken sandwiches, we discussed the trip and debated the idea of going to Pattaya by bus or by car. We would rent a car; that way, we could stop on the way anytime we felt like stopping. Phong, our guide, knew just where we could rent a car. Who could drive? Omar said he had an international driver's license.

We spent almost one hour getting a car "at the right price." We got a Toyota Corona and Omar and Co. zoomed off, except that Omar was not slow and easy on the brakes and every time we stopped, we were thrown off our seats. First long

stop was at Phong's house where she had to pick up her bags. Apparently, she was going to Pattaya and work with a Hungarian restaurant. The street where Phong lives looks like some street I had seen somewhere in San Andres Bukid: canal running the length of the dirt side-street, water lilies, small stores, children playing *piko*, and an ambulant vendor selling ice cream.

Phong guided us out of Bangkok (we were complaining about the absence of signs in English), into the new, spanking six-lane highway. We were soon in flat country, ricefields on both sides of the road as far as the eye could see. Not even a low hill to break the monotony of this countryside. We were moving south towards the Gulf of Siam. They had cut the highway through open country and swampland and bypassed the towns, hence, it was straight driving with no interrupting small town traffic.

A small town in the distance was usually just a dotting of rooftops through a cluster of trees and the red and green tiled arched roof of a temple.

We were whizzing through swamp country now and there were these long lines of women on the roadside. They sold something which looked like dark-brown nuts in a cluster. We stopped to sample. For ten bahts, we got a small plastic packet of something white and gelatinous. The meat of the nipa fruit. The girls giggled. I thought it would go very well with *guinatan*.

Then the big town of Thonburi and beyond this, now rolling country. The trip was as long as the Manila-Matabungkay ride, except for one difference: the Bangkok-Pattaya road is a superhighway, straight and smooth, from the capital city all the way down to the beach. Now English signs began to appear. We were on a palm-lined stretch of golden sand and the azure Gulf of Thailand shortly after lunch.

We found John, the elderly Hungarian, and his cozy restaurant. Here was where Phong worked. A younger Hungarian fellow was with him. This was Norma's (one of the Filipino girls) friend, who, upon seeing that she came with a crowd, seemed rather disappointed.

My Iranian friend, Fereidoun, was excited. "I'd like to eat some bananas," he said. "I used to eat bananas when I was in London. Oh, sure, we get bananas in Iran."

"No," I said, "You should try something else. Coconuts for instance."



I know they have date palms in Iran and I explained that this was just another kind of palm, but he didn't seem enthused over the idea.

A swim before lunch. A Hungarian restaurant, therefore, goulash. They explained what goulash was all about. All right, goulash for all.

So, there we were: Filipinos, an Iranian, a Nepalese and Hungarians. Then this Englishman came in.

"I see that the Americans have an R and R set-up here," we said.

He gave us a smile. "Non-Americans don't go there."

Down at the beach, we ran into the ubiquitous beach peddler selling *buko* and curried fried squid.

We insisted that Fereidoun try the *buko* and the squid. He took a nibble at the coconut meat and declared it was not for him. The fried squid made him squeamish. Fish and all sea foods, he swore off.

We recalled that Fereidoun hardly ate nothing but beef. It was always *wiener schnitzel* for lunch.

But Fereidoun liked the sea. He told us he lived far from the sea. He swam, if he swam at all, in a swimming pool.

He claimed to be a creature of the desert. At one time, while we were in the bathroom of the hotel, we overheard him talking as if with someone in the room. It turned out, he was talking with the voice

coming in over the radio in the room.

He explained, "You see, my friend, when you are alone in the desert, so you don't go mad, you talk to the camel. If there is no camel to talk with, you may even find yourself talking to a piece of rock."

So, there we were splashing in the Gulf of Siam and wondering about some people we left behind, like our good friend, Setsurei, a Japanese professor, married to an English girl, whom we coaxed the other evening to sing. And he sang about an Iranian who visited China, long, long ago. And a Norwegian colleague simply called "marvelous." We missed the group.

After lunch, we toured the beach area and while driving around and stopping to buy bananas which Fereidoun simply gulped, we decided to take some refreshments at a roadside restaurant which turned out to be an American joint. IDs? Omar showed his UN card. Dollars? Fereidoun paid in British pounds.

We left Pattaya mid-afternoon. Phong, our guide, was no longer with us. She had come to work in Pattaya.

"How do we get out of this place?"

"Keep driving," we said. "If you hit a dead end, turn back."

We found our way back to the highway, and at Thonburi, where we tried something cooked inside a bamboo inter-node and looking like *kalamay* (a sticky something cooked with sugar and coconut milk), Fereidoun decided to take the wheel.

Then, the fast ride back to Bangkok, the friendly overtaking cars, that zoomed past us, always with an arm that stuck out of the car's window, doing a graceful waveby, and smiling faces.

Now, a roadside again lined with young girls selling something. The girls were simply audacious. They would really stand in the path of the onrushing vehicles and make like a matador as the car whizzed past them. What a way to make a living.

Soon, it was dark on the road. The problem was — how to locate that street where we got the car. We drove through a busy Bangkok thoroughfare not knowing where to turn, and Fereidoun suggested we consult the stars. We drove by the stars.

At some intersection, someone said, "Turn left," and Fereidoun turned left and there we were, right by the car-rent office. Our Thai holiday was over.

[M]

Japan's Conquest of America



*The dollar falls in the land of the rising yen
— which could mean more Yanks coming here
to live the life of Riley.*

By CARLOS G. NOVENARIO

Japan has now conquered the United States. But only economically.

Poor Japan, whose cities—Hiroshima and Nagasaki—were demolished by atomic bombs 40 years ago, to bring her down to her knees in unconditional surrender...

While the US in the postwar era played its self-appointed role of being the world's policeman, Japan perfected its state-of-the-art industrial technology and

shrewd commerce to carve out "a record current account surplus of \$41.73 billion with the United States in 1985, and a record overall surplus of \$49.17 billion," to quote an Associated Press story on the Japanese economy last June 30.

Japan may well be one of the biggest creditors, if not the biggest, of the United States' cosmic indebtedness of \$107.4 billion worldwide as of the end of last year. Foreign assets in the US exceeded that country's assets abroad for the first time since 1915, according to US offi-

cials. They earlier said that the US had passed from being "a net creditor to a net debtor" mainly as a result of unprecedented trade deficits, but the exact sum of America's *utang* all over the world was not known until its announcement last June 25 in Washington.

Japan's finance ministry, on the other hand, said the current account sum, which measures trade and some other transactions, was reckoned from total 1985 exports to the US of \$65.62 billion, up 8.4 percent from 1984, against imports from the US of only \$22.63 billion, down 4.9 percent from the previous year's.

The ministry said this large export figure resulted from increased car shipments to the US after an easing up of restrictions for this type of importation in April 1985. It is also attributed to the *quid pro quo* deal among the US, Japan and three other countries in which Japan agreed to raise the yen's value against the US dollar starting September last year. Prior to this, 1,000 yen worth of exports to the US would have been valued at only \$4.13, compared with \$6.10 now.

Since September, the value of the yen has risen more than 40 percent vis-a-vis the greenback. This simply means that "Made in Japan" goods sold in the US would be more expensive, while "Made in USA" goods sold in Japan would be cheaper than they were before last September. The yen's upward revaluation was designed to ease the huge US-Japan balance of trade deficit at the request of the former country. In fact, Premier Yasuhiro Nakasone had even launched a "Buy Made in USA" campaign to help the US along.

But *Business Week* magazine was reported as recently saying that Nakasone's countrymen-investors have their own "Buy the USA" campaign as they embark on an investment spree, "reaching deep into the US heartland, giving failing American companies a fresh start and providing new sources of financing to local and state governments."

The magazine said "dozens of cities and states are eagerly competing for Japanese investments" which are forecast to create 840,000 more jobs in the US by the century's end, mostly in economically depressed areas there.



It added that Japanese investments in the US nearly tripled from 1980 to 1985 and that the Japanese government expects these to grow by 14.2 percent annually until the year 2000.

The *Wall Street Journal*, on the other hand, said that two Japanese companies with oodles of the now mighty yen have joined the bidding to acquire a US airline known for its bargain trans-Atlantic flights. The periodical, considered the bible of US financial circles, also editorialized a plea for Japan "to do more for the world economy" by spending more than one percent of its gross national product (GNP) on defense "to help ease America's defense burden of more than six percent of GNP."

It will be recalled that shortly after World War II it was America which virtually dictated to what extent Japan could re-arm and limited this to a "self-defense" status for fear of a resurgent militaristic Japan that could threaten world peace anew. The US obviously realizes now how expensive it has been to be playing its self-appointed role of world policeman.

Meanwhile, the Tokyo foreign exchange market reported the continuing slide in value of the dollar versus the yen, even as New York also reported the dollar's fall against all major currencies except the pound sterling.

"The dollar's losses," the report quoted exchange dealers as saying, "indicated that the greenback was on a losing streak, reflecting increasing signs of weakness in the US economy."

More hurting to the Americans seems to be the sociological effects of America's economic Waterloo. It was recently reported that

in yen-denominated Okinawa, "hundreds of US servicemen's wives and some active-duty servicewomen have turned to hustling drinks as American hostesses in Okinawa's most exclusive nightclubs and sleaziest bars" as a result of the falling value of the US dollar versus the yen.

This despite the fact that women in the US armed forces are barred from "moonlighting" by military regulations. American and Japanese immigration laws also bar US servicemen's dependent wives from working without official permits.

Yet it was reported that 200 to 250 American hostesses work in bars catering primarily to Japanese tourists and businessmen. But a ranking US Marine officer estimated there may be more. An Okinawan immigration official said some American women have been picked up two or three times in immigration raids but resurfaced in other bars. The hostesses are said to be so popular among the Japanese that bar owners are eagerly recruiting them.

According to military and civilian officials familiar with the problem, US women working in bars are mainly expected to "offer a sympathetic ear and friendly conversation for the price of a drink" to Japanese men with plenty of yen to spend. Each drink can cost 5,000 yen (\$30) in exclusive clubs or cabarets. But it costs less in tiny, sleazy counter bars lining narrow streets in the Nakanomachi "entertainment" district just outside the gate of the sprawling Kadena Air Base in Okinawa City.

The district is reportedly "a crime-ridden redlight, shopping and restaurant section typical of areas outside US bases in Asia." It was reported that US

military officials acknowledge the problem of American bar girls but deny insinuations made by some Japanese investigators that many of these girls "double as prostitutes."

A US military enforcement officer there was quoted as saying: "The indications are there are quite a lot of American women working, both military and civilian dependents. Whether they love their husbands or not, the yen is killing them. They've got to work."

Of course, no such problem exists in the Philippines where the dollar is still as good as gold. This despite the fact that two US bases here — the US Naval Base in Olongapo City and Clark Air Base in Angeles City — are reputedly the biggest US bases outside the continental United States.

Here peso prices of goods and services when reckoned against the US dollar are tremendously cheap. That's why even Americans who could not afford to back home can hire for their families while they're stationed here, Filipino house-help, and even chauffeurs and nurse-maids.

So, brace yourself for a deluge of Americans clamoring to be assigned here from US bases, embassies and consulates in Okinawa, Japan and the other three nations whose currencies were purposely strengthened to soothe America.

Here they not only can literally live the life of Riley, they will also be pampered and fawned upon by the natives still afflicted with the colonial-mentality syndrome, as the sidewalk money-changers in downtown Manila, Olongapo and Angeles chant in a sing-song: "Dollar, dollar, dollar."

Here, the US dollar is still mighty indeed. **[M]**

LETTERS

NOT BALWEG'S

We, the members of the Cordillera People's Alliance (CPA) Task Force, lobbying in Manila for the inclusion of the genuine rights of the Cordillera People in the new Constitution, would like to correct some misinformations and/or misimpressions of the general public that the CPA is in some way connected with the Cordillera People's Liberation Army (CPLA). *This is not true.* In the August 4 issue of the *Inquirer*, an article entitled "Cory-Balweg Meet in Baguio" stated among other things the following:

a. "Balweg, earlier, proposed to send a group of emissaries composed of representatives of the CPLA and the different tribes, to meet with the President. Aquino, however, expressed fears that the talks would turn out to be a non-event."

b. "Balweg agreed to go to Baguio as head of the Cordillera delegation."

On these media reports, we want to make clear that the CPA has nothing to do with the CPLA which is Balweg's liberation army. The CPA is a duly registered civic alliance composed of various concerned people's organizations in the Cordillera bound together to press for the basic right of the Cordillera people to self-determination which would be manifested in the granting of an autonomous region for the Cordillera.

Balweg's liberation army is demanding that for the duration of the Cory-Balweg talks there should be a temporary pull-out of military troops in the region. We, in the CPA, would want a permanent military pull-out with the hope that when this is done we can regain the once peaceful and serene atmosphere of our homeland. We hate violence,



thus, we are appealing to Balweg's forces to lay down their arms. Please leave us alone.

We are also trying to persuade our people who went to the hills to come down. We know why they took up arms, but now we are appealing to them to join us in this non-violent struggle. With God's mercy we shall succeed.

TOMAS L. BENAFIN
Cordillera People's Alliance

NO FAN OF NORMA J.'s

Why doesn't Norma Japitana stick to filmstar and society *chismis* in her columns? Her May 21st "At Large" column displays her sorry attempt at being a political analyst. It was so out of place and hilarious, it made me and

my friends split our sides. Her admiration for nice guy Gorbachev and those sweet Soviets indicates she is a naive babe in the woods. She should stick to what she's best at — movie and society gossip. She's really better at writing lines like that in her June 25th write-up about the Mutya winners, e.g., "One can hardly expect a hard-on from a man whose views on geopolitics have been devastated by an aggressive woman." Priceless prose that! Perhaps women writers with literary pretensions give you guys a hard-on, but try to spare your intelligent readers from more such drivel, *puede ba?*

MARINA SANTANA

1415 Victoria St.
Magallanes Village
Makati, Manila

Ako po ay isang masugid na mambabasa ng MIDWEEK. Kawani rin po ako ng International Rice Research Institute (IRRI).

Noon pong August 6, 1986, may lumabas na artikulo sa MIDWEEK na pinamagatang "Unmasking IRRI" na isinulat ng isang nagngangalang Virgilio Crisostomo. Dagli ko pong binasa ang naturang artikulo sapagkat, tulad ng iba pang mahigit sa 2000 Pilipinong manggagawa dito sa IRRI, anumang balita ukol sa Institute ay mahalaga sa akin.

Hindi ko po tatalakayin ang isyu ng mga HYV sapagkat hindi naman po ako siyentipiko. Kabilang po ako sa Administrative Support Staff at hindi lubos ang kaalaman upang patunayan o pabulaanan ang mga puntong ukol sa "genetic imperialism," "Vavilov Centers," atbp. Bagkus, nais ko po lamang magbigay ng kuru-kuro ukol sa panimula ng artikulo ni G. Crisostomo. Wika niya:

"When the International Rice Research Institute (IRRI) in Los Banos celebrated its 26th anniversary last June 6, the panegyrics were drowned out by the din of anti-IRRI protests. Doing a repeat performance of the daring and first ever anti-IRRI rally last year, Dr. Burton Onate, IRRI's former chief statistician and now, its chief critic, "negopanelled" a march of at least a thousand peasants, students and scientists."

Sa akin pong pagkakaalam, walang 26th anniversary celebration na ginanap sa IRRI noong June 6. Hindi po nagdiriwang ng taunang anibersaryo ang Institute. Ang ipinagdiriwang po lamang ay ang 10th Anniversary (1970), 20th (1980) at 25th (1985). Ibig pong sabihin, walang "panegyrics" (pasensiya na po kayo at hindi ko naiintindihan ang salitang ito) na nilunod ng protesta. Ikalawa, isa po ako sa ilang mga kawani ng IRRI na nakinig kina Dr. Onate at sa kanyang mga kasama. Bilangin man po ng duling na doble ang paningin, hindi po aabot sa isang libo ang mga nag-rally. Kasama kaming mga taga-IRRI, mapalad na pong umabot ang bilang sa 300.

Maaari pong sabihin ni G. Crisostomo na napakaliit na bagay lamang itong aking mga nabanggit. Ngunit naniniwala po ako na ang pagsasabi ng totoo ay isa sa mga pangunahing tungkulin ng mga mamamahayag. Kung si G. Crisostomo po ay nahahandang sumulat ng dalawang kasinungalingan sa unang dalawang pangungusap ng kanyang artikulo, masisisi po kaya ninyo kung pagdudahan ko ang sumusunod na dalawang pahina pa?

Maraming salamat po.

MIKE A. ORTEGA

International Rice Research
Institute
P.O. Box 933

SALOT at SIGALOT sa BULAKAN

Isang malaking problema ang polusyong likha ng isang pabrika ng papel.

Ni TOMAS F. AGULTO

Sa Bulakan, sa tambak ng problemang ipinamana ng dating gobernador kay OIC Roberto Pagdanganan, namumukod ang isyu ng polusyon. Malaon na itong inirereklamo ng taong-bayan. Sa kabila ng napakatagal na panahong pagbubumabag ni Nacing Santiago bilang gobernador, hindi nalutas ang problema. Para sa mga mangingisda at magsasaka, ang polusyon, kung di ma-

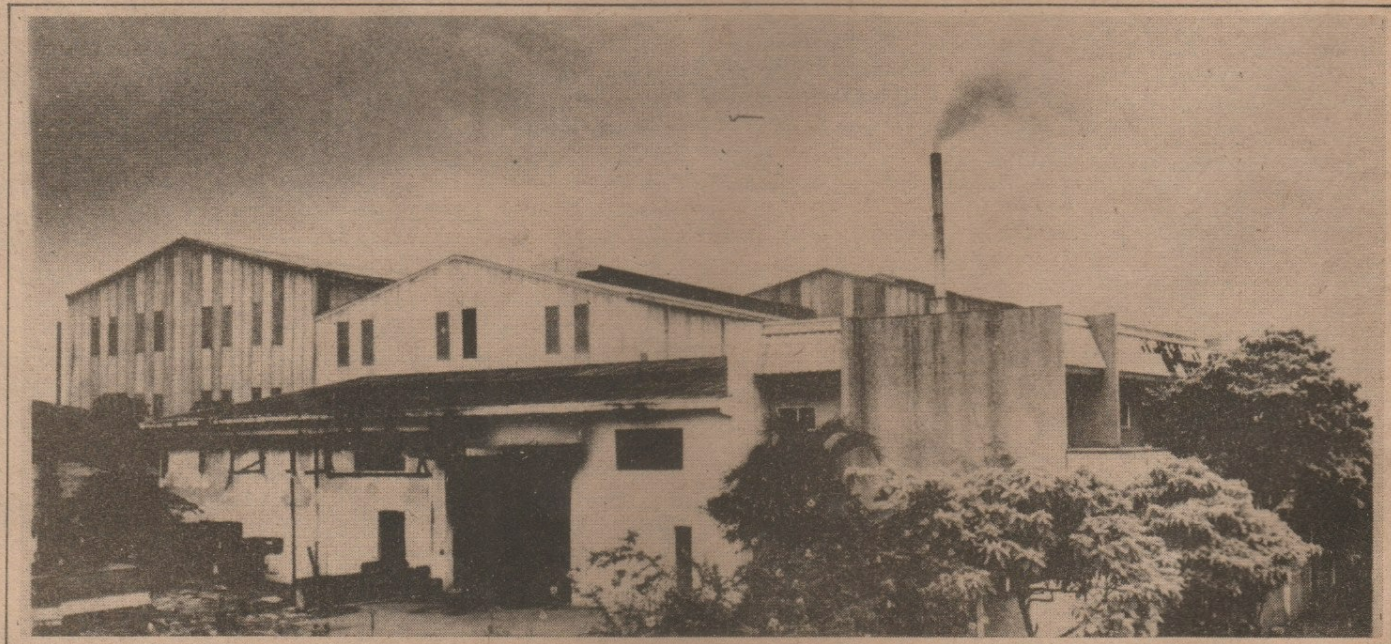
bibigyan ng solusyon, ay nakapangangam-bang salot na sa malao't madali ay mauwi sa sigalot.

Bilang tugon sa problema, itinatag ng mga mamamayan ng Bulakan ang Kaisahan Laban Sa Polusyon (KALAP), isang multisektoral na alyansa ng mga mangingisda, magsasaka at negosyante sa palaisdaan. Sa pagtataguyod ng Bangkilas ng Lakas Mangingisda ng Bulakan, nailunsad ang KALAP bilang alyansang naglalayong mapatigil ang polusyong lumalason sa mga patubigan gaya ng sapa,

ilog, lawa, bukid at palaisdaan.

Ginanap ang pagtatatag sa opisina ng Bureau of Fisheries and Aquatic Resources (BFAR) sa Hagonoy, Bulacan. Nahalal na tagapangulo si Domingo Pagdanganan, isang magsasakang taal na taga-Iba Este, Calumpit. Naging tagapayo sina Konsehal Pacing Lopez, Konsehal Max Macale at Kapitan Ramon Atienza.

Sa kasalukuyan, may anim na organisasyon sa KALAP, na ang bawat isa'y may kanya-kanya ring sangay sa iba't



Photos by Tony Donato



Mga tagabaryong apektado ng polusyon: Asupreng sumisira sa yero at бага ng tao

ibang baryo at bayan. Bukod sa Bangkilas, kaanib ang Agrarian Reform Beneficiary Association, Samahang Nayon, Samahang Bukatot, Samahang Manunudsod at Fishpond Owners & Operators Association. Inaasahang makakalapat ang organisasyon ng mga kasapi sa mga bayan ng Paombong, Malolos at Obando, gayundin sa mga bayan ng Pampanga na Masantol, Macabebe at Apalit. Ang epekto ng polusyon ay sumasaklaw sa mga nabanggit na bayan hanggang sa wawa ng Manila Bay.

Nagkakaisa ang KALAP sa paniniwalang ang pinagmumulan ng malubhang polusyon ay ang higitang planta ng papel na nakatayo sa gilid ng Ilog Labangan—ang United Pulp & Papers Co. Inc. (UPPC) sa Iba Este, Calumpit, Bulacan.

Ang planta ay sumasakop sa mahigit na 10 ektarya ng lupa na dating sakahan. Kahangga nito ay palayan at sa gawing kanluran ay baryo ng Iba na pumapagitan sa Ilog Labangan. Sa ilog na ito nakaugnay ang malaking tubo ng pabrika na nagbubuga ng dumi.

Ang planta'y may mabahong amoy at nakaririnding ingay na idinadaing ng mga tao. Bukod pa rito, nagpapaalimbukay din ito ng pulbos ng bagaso at

alipato ng asupreng sumisira sa mga yerong bubong. Ang polusyong ito sa hangin ay sanhi rin ng kapinsalaang pangkalusugan ng mga tao. Sabi nga ng isang tagabaryo: "Kung kayang sirain ng bagaso at asupre ang matitigas na yero, kaya rin nitong agnasin ang бага ng tao."

Marami nang pinatay na hayop ang polusyong likha ng pabrika. Ayon sa mga magsasaka, kapag ang kalabaw ay nakainom ng polluted na tubig, ito'y magtatae nang lusaw at mangangayayat hanggang sa mamatay. Sa malulubhang kaso, hindi na umaabot ang kalabaw sa katayan at mapalad na kung mabili ito ng dalawang libong piso, gayong kung buhay ay nagkakahalaga ito ng pitong libong piso.

Sa mahigit na 13 taong operasyon ng UPPC, marami nang petisyon ang iniharap ng mga magsasaka, mangingisda at tao sa mga baryo ng Calumpit at Hagonoy na apektado ng polusyon. Sapagkat hiwa-hiwalay ang pagkilos ng mamamayang tumututol, hindi nagkaroon ng munti mang tagumpay ang mga petisyon. Alinman sa maraming sangay ng gobyerno'y hindi nakatulong sa kanilang mga problema. Bagkus, naging mabisang kasangkapan lamang ang mga ito sa panlalansi sa mamamayan. Maraming pakiusap na nabale-wala. Maraming pa-

ng napako. Bunga ng kani-
ranasan, namulat ang mga
magsasaka sa katotoha-
magkaugnay-ugnay at ma-
hat ng mamamayang ma-
nibiktima ng di-pantay na

tagal
kairalan.

Ayon ka Kapitan Jose Lopez, isa sa pangunahing agapagtatag ng KALAP, "Kung бага sa unos, matagal nang natipon ang aming pasensiya. Pero nga-yo'y babangon itong parang daluyong."

Sa ikalawang buwan pa lamang ng pagkakatatag ng KALAP, nagpamdam na ito ng sigwa, kung бага sa isang namumuong unos. Noong Mayo 10, nagsagawa ito ng komprontasyon sa pangasiwaan ng UPPC. Habang idinadaos ang pag-uusap, mahigit 200 mangingisda't magsasaka ang nagpiket sa tarangkahan ng pabrika. Sa komprontasyon, iniiharap ang mga ebidensiya ng kapinsalaang dulot ng planta sa taong-bayan.

Samantala, ang UPPC ay madiplo-masyang nakiharap at tila matamang nakinig ng mga karaingan. Bagamat di-tahasang makapagtatwa ng kapinsalaang dulot ng kanilang kompanya, nangako itong muling pag-aaralan ang kaso upang makagawa ng kaukulang solusyon.

Sa muling paghaharap ng KALAP at UPPC, dinagsaan ng higit sa 2,000 mamamayan ang bakuran ng planta. Pamuling iginiit nila ang kahilingan na, kung hindi makokontrol ng UPPC ang pamiminsala, kailangang ilipat, kundi man magsara nang kusa, ang kompanya. Naging saksi si OIC Pagdanganan at ilang punong-bayan sa ikalawang pakikipag-usap ng mga kinatawan ng mangingisda't magsasaka sa pangasiwaan ng UPPC. Kinatawan naman ni Panaligan ang National Pollution Control Commission (NPCC). Madaling umagaw ng atensiyon ng publiko ang isinasakdal ng mga istrimer ng mga mangingisda't magsasaka: "SUGPUIN ANG POLUSYON! UPPC, SALOT! IPAGLABAN ANG ATING MGA KARAPATAN!"

Sa katanghaliang tapat, ang kulumpon ng tao at plakard ay mistulang babala ng darating na sigwa sa bayan ng Calumpit.

Inamin ni Irineo Salvador, tagapagsalita ng UPPC, na bunga ng naunang pag-uusap ay pansamantalang itinigil ang kanilang pulp mill. Dahil sa pagtigil na ito, nabawasan ang dami ng tubig na itinatapon ng planta sa ilog. Mula sa 7,000 metro kubiko ng tubig, bumaba

ito sa 4,000 metro kubiko. binigyang-diin ni Salvador natapon nilang dumi ay na pamantayang itinatakda ng NPCC.

Ipinaliwanag din niya na manente ang di paggamit sa pulp mill. Dahil ang paghinto nito sa mangangahulugan ng dagdag na gastos sa produksiyon. At kung tuluyang hindi aandar ito, magkakaroon sila ng problema sa Board of Investment. Dahil ang rehistro ng kompanya sa BOI ay ang paggamit ng baggase pulp sa paggawa ng papel. Di-umano, dapat umabot sa 40 porsiyento ang materyales na manggagaling sa pulp mill. Nagsasagawa sila, diumano, ng malakihang pagkukumpuni sa kanilang mga pasilidad at instalasyon. Sa kasalukuyan, nakahinto rin ang *digester* dahil wala na itong nilulutong bagaso. Ibig sabihin ay di rin magkakaroon ng lumilipad na alipato ng asupre na kumakalat sa komunidad sa paligid ng pabrika.

Sa sagutan ng UPPC at KALAP, nagtaka ang gobernador kung bakit sa kabila ng pamiminsala ng UPPC sa loob ng 13 taong pag-ooperasyon ay patuloy na nakakakuha ng permiso mula sa NPCC. Inulit ni Salvador sa harap ng mga opisyal na namamagitan sa pag-uusap na sila'y nakapapasa sa pamantayang itinatakda ng NPCC. Maagap namang sinalag ni Kapitan Paquito Regalado ng KALAP na kung totoo ang sinasabi ni Salvador, bakit ang mga duming itinatapon nila sa Ilog Labangan ay nakamatay ng hayop at isda?

Ayon kay Kapitan Regalado, madaling lumpuhin ng polusyon ang palay. Oras na mapatubigan nito ang taniman, marinigas ang puno ng punla at lumaki man ito'y bahagya lamang ang itataas. Hindi ito mamumunga hanggang sa mamatay. Kung isasaalang-alang na sa mga bayang ito'y minsan lang ang pagtatanim sa loob ng isang taon, papaanong hindi aapaw ang galit ng mga magsasaka sa masamang epekto ng polusyon?

Kung paanong pinipeste nito ang palay, mas matindi ang perwisyo nito sa palaisdaan, ayon naman sa isang operaytor ng palaisdaan. Magagawa nitong lipulin ang bangus at sugpo — maging talangka, alimango at mga semilya ng isda.

Mula sa NPCC, sinabi ni Carlos Panaligan na nagsusuri sila nang regular sa mga itinatapong dumi ng UPPC. At diumano, kung mapaniniwalaan ang mga pahayag, walang nakarekord na reklamo ang NPCC mula sa mga mamamayan. Gayunman,



Namimilapil, nagkukumpuni ng lambat: Peste sa palay, perwisyo sa palaisdaan



Maruming ilog na tapunan ng kemikal: "Napakadali po naming umunawa, pero kailan naman kami mauunawaan?"

naantala ang permit ng UPPC na makapag-operasyon mula noong nakaraang Disyembre dahil sa problemang panloob ng naturang ahensya. Hiniling ng KALAP na habang wala pang permit sa pag-oopereyt ang UPPC mula sa NPCC, nakiusap sila kay OIC Pagdanganan na kung maaari'y pansamantalang ipasara ang pabrika. Sa halip na pagbigyan ang kahilingan, naging mapagbigay ang gobernador at ipinaalala nito na dapat magkasundo ang kompanya at mangingisda sa isang mapayapang paghaharap. Muling nagmungkahi ang magsasaka na kung magsasagawa ng pag-iinspeksyon, sana'y huwag itong gawin sa loob lamang ng planta. Makatwiran nga lamang na gawin ang pagsusuri kung saan umaapekto ang polusyon.

Ayon naman sa gobernador, kinikilala niya ang karapatan ng mga mangingisda't magsasaka. Gayundin naman kung paano niya pinahalagahan ang pakinabang ng pamahalaan sa buwis na nagmumula sa UPPC. Totoo rin namang maraming manggagawa't maliliit na empleyado ang planta na nabibigyan ng hanapbuhay. Gayunma'y hindi sapat ang dahiling ito kung mapipinsala naman ang libu-libong mamamayan sa Bulacan.

Sa mahusay na paninimbang sa magkabilang panig, nakumbinsi ni Gobernador Pagdanganan ang mga kinatawan ng UPPC at KALAP na

pumasok sa sampung kasunduan.

1. Tanggalin ang pipe line mula sa lagoon na konektado sa clarifier upang di na makapagpabalik ng black liquor na itinatapon sa ilog.

2. Gumawa ng bukod na pambomba para sa baha sa loob ng pabrika.

3. Magsagawa ng masusing pag-iinspeksyon ang NPCC sa lahat ng kagamitan nito para makontrol ang pagtatapon ng lason.

4. Bayaran ang mga napinsalang palay ng mga magsasaka.

5. Regular na inspeksyon sa kalidad ng tubig na ipinatatapon ng planta sa Ilog Labangan.

6. Takipan ang bundok ng bagaso upang di liparin ng hangin.

7. Bakuran nang mataas na pader ang paligid ng pagawaan upang maging hadlang sa mabahong amoy at usok ng pabrika.

8. Itigil ang pagtatambak ng basura ng planta sa gilid ng baryo.

9. Dugtungan ang tsimniya upang maiwasan ang paglipad ng alipato ng asupre na sumisira sa kagamitan at kalusugan ng mamamayan.

10. Kung di makatutupad ang UPPC sa mga kasunduang nabanggit at patuloy pang makapipinsala ang kanilang operasyon, gagawa ng aksiyon si Pagdanganan na ipasara ang UPPC.

Sa biglang tingin, ang sampung kasunduan ay waring karugtong lamang ng

mga pangakong di natupad tulad sa nakaraang mga taon. Masasabing ito'y bilang pagbibigay na rin sa pakiusap ng gobernador na bigyan ng pagkakataon ang bagong administrasyon na mamagitan sa isyung pinag-uusapan. Totoo ngang mahirap pagpasyahan o dagling ipasara ang UPPC sa kabila ng katotohanang hanggang sa oras ng paghaharap na iyon ay wala pa itong permit mula sa NPCC. Sabi nga ng isang magsasaka, "Napakadali po naming makaunawa, pero ang hinihintay po namin ay kung kailan naman kami mauunawaan!"

Bagamat "matandang dala na ang mga mangingisda," hindi na nga sila papayag na muli pang madapa. Ang minsan pang pagdinig sa pangako ng UPPC ay hindi nangangahulugan ng kanilang kahinaan. Manapa, senyal ito ng mas mataas na antas at kalidad ng kanilang kamulatan. Pagkat tunay mang likas sa kanila ang kababaang-loob, ang mga mangingisda't magsasaka'y may iba nang lalim at dimensyon ng pag-unawa at pasensya sa mga nanloloko't nanlilinlang sa mamamayan. Umaasa silang hindi magtatagal, bago dumating ang inaasahang eleksiyon, malulutas ang kanilang ipinikipaglaban.

Sapagkat, wika nga ng isang lider-mangingisda, "Kung may pangako at pagbibigay, may oras din ng pagtutuos!"

[M]

A Different Stage

The joke around town is that those who were frustrated with their career during the past decade are now trying to grab the Marcosista stage to get into the front page. Foremost among these are Carlos Salazar and former starlet (filmography unknown) Annie Ferrer who are the most constant among the Marcos abandonados in projecting themselves.

Actor Carlos Salazar used to sing Sinatra songs and play high stakes poker. Now he comes off a la Gringo Honasan complete with bandolier. This is one role he must have hoped for and never got.

Annie Ferrer likes to show off her latest sporty togs and her headband, not unlike June Keithley in the days of the revolution. Pana-panahon lang 'yan. Elizabeth Oropesa likes to wear tight tees and jeans showing off her enviable measurements. Same with Alona Alegre who juggles her main assets as she jumps on platforms to make the Marcos sign. What brought these artists (?) past their prime into this different stage? They were not even around during most of the Marcos years. Alona was making it with an Arab in L.A., while Elizabeth worked in New York and developed dishpan hands while discovering a loyal Edralin in her life.

We heard that Elizabeth Oropesa is in hiding since a case was filed in court and she was named one of the respondents. She didn't even show up at the birthday party of her friend Ethel Ramos. Someone explained that she was afraid that the police

would pick her up if she showed up at Ethel's El Oro office. She seems to be enjoying the idea of having the police after her. Anyway to some people it is a new occupation and some of those in the front lines are well paid.

Zigzag is back on the map after controversial interior designer Cocoy Cordoba held his 30th birthday bash there. It was a costumish affair with Cocoy himself leading the pact in a longish shirt designed by Justin Mendoza with a fox stole on his shoulders. Wife Maureen was in devilish red complete with the right make-up to give her the bride of Dracula look. Maria Montelibano, who came with husband Boy and Ida Vargas, was in a dazzling jacket that glittered as she moved.

The Cordobas got back from a longish stay in Europe just in time for Cocoy to turn 30 on native soil. It's purely for good luck he told us and dashing off to say hello to Gary Valenciano and wife Angeli nee Pangilinan who came in pigtailed. Gabby Concepcion came solo since Sharon was busy promoting her film but he sat the night out with charming mother-in-law Elaine Cuneta who looked just as vibrant as Sha herself. Elaine's sis, Helen Gamboa came with doting husband Tito Sotto. Helen got the admiration of everyone for staying slim and attractive just like in the decade past when she was a top singer and moviestar.

JunJun Cambe proved that it could be the year for skirts



ANNIE FERRER: THE JOKE AROUND TOWN

—for men—and came wearing one. Rex Recidoro said he will make something out of this in his magazine and Nena Villanueva agreed.

Others who celebrated with Cocoy were Marielese Evaristo, Wilhelm Chua, Dave Tupaz, Lito Perez, Lulu Cabrera, Robert Borja, Miguel Rodriguez, Peter Tan, Albert Chua, Malou Ortiz, Jun Pena, Bernardo Bernardo, Behn Cervantes, Mike Chan, Nanette Inventor, Gino Padilla, Freddie Rosal and wife, Edsel Moscoso, Poppop Villanueva, Menchu Genato, Quinito Henson, Joey Reyes, Deedee and Sonny Siy-tanco, Jiggy Godinez, Philip Cuazon, Jr., Toots Tolentino, Ed Hizon, Edith Flores, Ricky Punzalan, Irene Siy, Ed Finlan, Stella Herber and Maristella. As we said it was a bash and a bash with beautiful people power at that.

It all started when Ethel Timbol of Bulletin started pining for the sing-along hour that she loves to do with the Metro Manila Commission's Joey Lina, and voila Joey remembers his "discovery" right beside Malate church with Ricky Cruz at the piano.

Perhaps he believes that music will bring about the unity faster, or it could be that he is just sold on singing, but whatever the reason, Joey Lina got all the mayors of Metro Manila together to sing along with him in his favorite Remedios Restaurant. All except Manila Mayor Mel Lopez.

But we all know by now that Joey and Mel do not see eye to eye on issues and Mel refuses to sing to Joey's tune. But he was hardly missed for the rest came in full force.



MAUREEN & COCOY CORDOBA WITH ELAINE CUNETA



JANINA REYES, BAMBI QUEMA & EVELYN MANALO



AURORA SEVILLA & GOVERNOR JOEY LINA

very active with the Miss Asia Quest when she decided to try her hand at the restaurant.

"I had to change the whole setup and Janina had to think of new ways to sell the restaurant. We started getting our own friends in here and it was a discovery for them too, to find a place with this kind of atmosphere right here in Ermita. We discover new things to do everyday."

Joey Lina used to drop by every time he has a speaking engagement and he likes the cool and quiet and usually he brings his men with him to talk shop. He has become such a regular that the girls have asked him to sponsor the opening of the happy hour. They were thrilled when he said yes.

The meeting and the sing-along of the Metro Manila mayors was a kind of a coup for Janina and Bambi. Good thing another good friend, Binibining Pilipinas-World Aurora Sevilla dropped by to see her friends that night and she pitched in to welcome the guests. Aurora, who is also a successful businesswoman, was kidded by her friends that she should join them in the new venture as well.

For Bambi Quema, who has a way with politicians (she may just take up law and run for a public office!) the evening was a crash course on the subject of officialdom and how the mayors are faring in their respective communities. Marikina OIC Rodolfo Valentino (would you believe!) explained some projects to get the people of his community together and Bambi found the whole process of interaction fascinating. Her next move she said is to know our military men better.

"Actually I want to know more about the power structure in our society and how they interact. The more segment I get to know at close range the better."

[M]

Jejomar Binay of Makati came very casually with no bodyguards in sight, but he proved to be a jogger not a singer. Willie Chongco of Valenzuela tried the ballads of Basil Valdez with Eduardo Calixto of Pasay, Mario Raymond of Pasig, Rudo Buena Vista of Paranaque, Virgilio Robles of Caloocan, Jun Simon of Quezon City, Felipe del Rosario of Navotas and Ben Abalos of Mandaluyong taking their turns at the microphone. Joey Lina himself sang "Saana Ka Man Naroroon" and he denied that it was dedicated to Mel Lopez.

What makes Remedios Restaurant fascinating, aside from the excellent cuisine and the divine piano music of Ricky Cruz, are the three young professionals who are running it now. Janina Reyes is the manager with Bambi Quema as marketing and pr director. Helping them with the finance part is another achiever, Evelyn Manalo. The three girls, who all graduated at the top of their class from exclusive schools, find running a restaurant a new challenge.

Bambi Quema, daughter of Rene and Bujing Quema and niece of Ambassador and Mrs. Rogelio de la Rosa, was marketing rep of Silahis Hotel and

PEANUT GALLERY

BY MARIO V. DUMAUAL



VERNIE, TETCHIE, ZSA ZSA:
CAREERS ON THE UPSWING

VV, MM, FF, ZZ, TT, Etc.

VERNIE VARGA RETURNS AS EVITA

Yes, the sultry Cebuana singer is Evita Peron in the forthcoming Cultural Center of the Philippines' and SRO Philippines' mounting of the rock opera *Evita*. The show, which will open in mid-October, marks Vernie's return to centerstage after a long lull in her career. The singer's work was waylaid the past year or so by personal ("I fell in love") and political ("I preferred to go abroad than do all those dime-a-dozen shows na may 'political' content") circumstances.

The 26-year-old chanteuse, who started at Hyatt's Calesa Bar, is determined to reactivate her career. "I admit that I was uncaring, I neglected it for so long," she told us recently. "Pero tapos na 'yung *com se, com sa* days ko. Dire-diretso na ako this time. I'll take a more active role in the management of my career." Among the shows that she plans to produce is a one-on-one concert between her and Kuh Ledesma. "Hini-hintay ko na lang siyang tanggapin ang back-to-back challenge ko."

Vernie does not hide the fact that she recently had a noselift. "Doesn't it look nice?!" she says beaming.

But La Varga growls at talks that the repair ruined the tonal quality of her brassy voice. "Of course not!" she hisses. "The audience will judge when they see me in *Evita*!"

MANOLING MORATO TAMPERS WITH HISTORY

We can't fault some showbiz quarters who were in a big uproar recently over how censors chief Manuel Morato censored Mike de Leon's video of *Handog ng Pilipino sa Mundo*. Morato ordered the deletion of two shots from the TV feature

(one showing the burning of the American flag and the other showing citizens slapping the Marcoses' portraits at the height of the Malacanang siege). He reasoned out that the deletions were effected in accordance with the law and that it was done to prevent political divisiveness.

That was a stupid thing to do, really. The footage in question is already part of history. Nothing can change that. If Morato was consistent about his "danger of divisiveness" line of thinking, he should have banned the whole video, which is replete with scenes offensive to the sentiments of the Marcos *abandonados*.

The Concerned Artists of the Philippines (CAP) issued a statement on the issue recently. "The board's decision . . . betrays a Marcosian tendency to alter and distort history in order to make it more palatable to the ruling elite. . . We are genuinely dismayed by efforts to abridge and suppress the freedom of expression which concerned artists fought and were imprisoned for during the dark days of the Marcos dictatorship," CAP stated in part.

We say amen to that.

FILM FESTIVAL FOCUSES ON INDEPENDENTS

Independent cinema is still alive. That's what some short filmmakers will prove when they hold the Independent Film and Video Festival at the New Wave cinema Araneta complex, Cubao, Quezon City, beginning September 23.

Among the must-see features are Mike de Leon's comebacking video feature *Mga Bilanggo sa Dilim*; Tikoy Aguiluz's much-talked about *Fr. Balweg, Rebel Priest*; and Bibsy Carballo's *Plaza Miranda Bombing*. Some sociopolitical, gay, avant-garde and experimental types will also be shown during the six-day filmfest.

We just hope that the censors will not spoil the activity. Festival chairman Nick Deocampo told us during the recent *Fr. Balweg* premiere at the Ayala Museum that censor Fr. Sonny Ramirez wants to review the featured films first!

The festival is sponsored by, among others, the Samahan sa Kultura at Sining (SAKSI) Film Section, Sony Solid Video and Goethe Institut.

ZSA ZSA PLAYS SOLITAIRE

Concertgoers may not see Zsa Zsa Padilla perform with Gary Valenciano onstage for a long time. The singers, who co-starred in many hit shows, are breaking up the duet act. Zsa Zsa wants to concentrate more on a solo career, Gary told us in a recent interview.

Zsa Zsa last performed with Gary in the recording of his composition "Could We." She has since scored a hit with "Mambobola," a favorite ditty among the masses. Gary goes on without Zsa Zsa starting with his ULTRA concert *Gary V for All* this August.

The split may also have something to do with the singers' conflicting advertising commitments. Gary is a Coke talent while Zsa Zsa, according to a publicist, is about to ink a contract with Pepsi. A contract clause prohibits them from performing with any talent of a rival softdrinks firms.

TANTALIZING TETCHA APPEARS IN SPIELBERG MOVIE

Moviegoers got a pleasant surprise while watching the recently shown Steven Spielberg-Richard Benjamin romance-comedy, *The Money Pit*. Who was there on the big screen but Tetchie Agbayani herself, playing leading man Tom Hanks' exotic-looking stepmom!

It was a bit role for the now Hollywood-based sexpot, but did she make quite a mark. Her sequences, you see, began and closed the movie. How's that for recall? It was odd, though, that the local distributors did not drumbeat her participation in the movie.

Tetchie was also in the cast of the recently shown *Emerald Forest* where she played the major role of an Amazon beauty. Yes, she is using as screen name "Tetchie Agbayani." The actress, who was in Manila last June for a brief visit, will make more pictures, according to reports. Not

bad for somebody who was once slapped with an obscenity suit for posing nude for *Playboy*.

NEW FACES, MORE TV SHOWS

Showfolk are still talking about the glitzy launching of rising singer Cecille Fernando at the Philippine Plaza recently. Not even the big singers now had that kind of debut. It was a formal affair where even press people had to be forced to don *barong* or coat and tie. Too bad the formal dress code discouraged some people, including us, from going to the bash.

Speaking of launchings, Queen of Intrigues Inday Badiday is opening another movie talk show, *In Bituin*, with German Moreno and Ike Lozada this September. Yes, it looks like there's no stopping the *See True* host from clashing with her rival gossip show, Boy de Guia's *Scoop*. Both shows are on the same time slot, 7:30 p.m. Thursdays. The objective here, it seems, is to pull down the ratings of the popular *Scoop*. Another of Inday's new shows is *Pulso ni Kene Mariano*, starring the popular psychic and *See True* resident seer. Pulso, according to Inday's staff, will be patterned after *Twilight Zone* and *One Step Beyond*. We hope Pulso lives up to that promise. Most of the TV-produced shows on the occult, as far as we can remember, were failures and lacked that "Twilight" quality.

In Bituin and *Pulso* adds to the glut of new TV shows. Among others, there are also Kuh Ledesma's show on GMA, *Oh I See* and *Chicos y Chicas* on Channel 4, the revived *Student Canteen* on ABS-CBN, Sharon Cuneta's show on IBC-13, etc. When will this mania for new programs end, we wonder. Popular columnist Ninez Cacho Olivarez is also in the binge. She has the latest public affairs show, *Nightline* which she herself writes. It's on every Tuesday, and eats up part of the time slot of Ric Puno's *Viewpoint*. We hear that Ninez is the highest paid public affairs show host now. She is reportedly paid more than Louie Beltran of *Straight From the Shoulder*, who is said to gross P48,000 monthly. Newspaper pay is really a pittance for these people.

More next time!

BEWARE OF VETSI

HOW SAFE AND NECESSARY ARE CHEMICALS IN FOOD?

By ELIZABETH LOLARGA

If you're living in an apartment or condominium unit in the city, where concrete, steel, and asphalt are more common than spots of greenery, growing and raising food to meet the nutritional needs of your family is not realistic. You can't keep a cow or a few chickens in your cramped laundry space just to have a steady supply of fresh milk, butter and eggs. And if you hold an eight-to-five job, there is hardly time to bake your own bread or *kakanin*, make soup, or prepare smoked fish.

This partly explains the near universal use of food additives, which are chemicals added to food to prevent it from rotting, spoiling, or turning rancid; to improve its taste, texture, consistency, or appearance; or to increase and fortify its nutrient value.

According to the book *Nutrition and Vitamins* by Ann M. Holmes, there are thousands of food additives of varied purposes, some of which are useful, others questionable. What must be remembered is that as chemicals, additives "used in excess and without respect can result in problems."

Some controversial additives are: Sodium nitrite, sodium nitrate, monosodium glutamate (MSG), butylated hydroxytoluene (BHT), butylated hydroxyanisole (BHA), and diethylstilbestrol (DES).

In the Philippines, MSG, a flavor intensifier popularly called vetsin, is a ubiquitous item in Filipino kitchen. But Holmes advises that it is better consigned to the garbage bin. It is known to cause the "Chinese restaurant syndrome" (burning sensation in the back of the neck and forearms, headache, and tightness in the chest).

Holmes reported that in a study of baby mice given big amounts of MSG, the nerve cells in the hypothalamus — the part of the brain that controls bodily functions like temperature and appetite — got destroyed. Apart from that, the retina — the tissue behind the eye which receives visual images — was harmed.

She added that because of protests in the US, baby food manufacturers stopped putting MSG in the food. She explained, "There is some justifiable concern about use of MSG by expectant mothers . . . The human placenta concentrates MSG, so the fetus might receive a proportionately higher 'dose' of the substance than the amount the mother consumed . . . It is best for all pregnant women to either avoid its use or be quite prudent in the amount consumed."

Later medical studies on Asian children have linked MSG to birth defects like shrunken sexual organs, stunted growth and mental retardation.

Sodium nitrite and sodium nitrate preserve bacon, hot dogs, ham, sausages, smoked fish, processed or cured meats, and luncheon meats, and give them their attractive pink-red color. But when nitrites and amines from proteins mingle, they form nitrosamines, which have caused many kinds of cancer in almost all studies on several species of animals.

Holmes wrote that although there is still no evidence that those additives also cause cancer in humans, the US Department of Agriculture ruled that amounts of nitrites and nitrates be lessened in some products and removed totally from others. The vigilant consumer is advised to read the packaging label to see if those additives were used, or to buy the product marked "uncured."

BHT and BHA are preservatives used in vegetable oils or processed foods with fat/oil to keep them from turning rancid. They are also put in fruits and vegetables to prevent them from discoloring when sliced. Examples of food with BHT and BHA are cereals, chewing gum and potato chips. BHT can cause allergic reaction, while BHA needs to be tested further. Holmes said there are safer substitutes for them.

DES, a synthetic hormone used to stimulate growth in cattle, can fatten or add more lean meat to chickens and other livestock, too. Holmes said the use of DES reduced the amount of grain needed to feed these animals so that the consumer can buy them at a lesser cost.

Holmes maintains, however, that DES is a carcinogen (cancer-causing agent) when eaten: "When DES was given in large doses to expectant mothers, it was thought to be a safe drug useful in preventing miscarriage. However, many of the daughters of women who took DES during pregnancy have experienced vaginal and/or cervical cancers of an unusual type, while others have experienced abnormal changes in the cervix."

Holmes also advised that artificial colorings, which prettify dishes, be avoided since these are "low (in) nutritional value, usually indicating that fruit or natural ingredient (was) omitted."

The Center for Science in the Public Interest, based in Washington, D.C., listed caffeine, a stimulant occurring naturally in coffee, tea, and cocoa, and added to soft drinks, as best avoided for it causes sleeplessness, and may cause miscarriages or birth defects.

Holmes said the bottom line on food additives is: "No additive should be used that is not absolutely necessary and proved safe . . . Read the labels. Buy foods that have the fewest number of additives and don't buy those with additives whose safety is still in question."

— PCF Media Service

TOURISM: A CATALYZER OF NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

Some people may not realize it, but tourism has done much for various countries. It even transformed nations into progressive travel centers, as witness Singapore, Taiwan, Hongkong, Japan and Spain, to mention a few. Observers say that this worldwide industry may perform miracles here in the coming years because of our country's improved image abroad under the leadership of President Corazon C. Aquino.

Despite some problems the industry faced in the past, tourism continues to show its vitality and reliability as a catalyst of national development and a big earner of much-needed foreign exchange (almost half a billion US dollars yearly from tourist receipts).

Tourism income could go up in the next few years as the new government leads the country to political stability.

Tourism Minister Jose Antonio U. Gonzalez is optimistic that the country will enjoy a tourism boom within a year following the Ministry of Tourism's successful sales blitzes in such big travel markets as Hongkong, Taiwan, Japan and the United States, where the travel trade sector and the media assured him of their support in generating tourist traffic for the Philippines. The targets of his next promotional drive are Australia and Western Europe.

Since the early 1970s, tourism has rekindled the people's spirit through such community development projects as beautification and the creation of cottage industries. To boost "backyard tourism, we have Puerto Galera and other tourism-related projects. These

spread the economic benefits from the industry.

Tourism also provides job opportunities to the people through various development projects undertaken by the government and private sector in the urban and rural areas, such as hotels, resorts, restaurants, transport, public beaches, golf course and recreational parks.

Tourism activities cover almost all the social and economic sectors of the country, enhancing the livelihood of the people from farmers and fishermen to taxi and jeepney drivers.

Tourism is thus aptly described as the "people's industry." The people are not only the beneficiaries of the tourism industry but its major attractions.



Observers say that tourism is here to stay, not only because of the country's unique natural beauty, but more significantly, because of its peace-

loving and hospitable people.

With the new Ministry of Tourism and the Philippine Tourism Authority now busily promoting tourism under the leadership of Minister Gonzalez and Philippine Travel Authority General Manager Ramon P. Binamira, the Philippines is recovering its image as irresistible travel destination in Southeast Asia.

Tourism may even become the country's premier industry and accelerate the government's economic recovery program. Meanwhile, the challenge is not what tourism can do for the country but what the people can do to make it a more dynamic industry.

A Japanese friend has observed that with our vast tourism potentials, there's no reason why the industry can't grow and prosper in a new democratic society.

By Ben B. Abogadte

WARNING SIGNS

In Latin America, they are known as *callampas* (mushrooms). In French-speaking Africa, they are called *bidonvilles* (tin can cities). And in multilingual Metro Manila, they are simply known as squatter areas.

These makeshift settlements found on the outskirts of every city in the developing world are "the most visible expressions of the problems of rapid urban growth," according to the United Nations Fund for Population Activities (UNFPA).

"The State of the World's Population 1986" (by Rafael M. Salas, UNFPA executive director) notes that many of

these squatter colonies, found in the worst parts of town, lack basic services and are overcrowded, with an average occupancy rate of four to five per-

sons to a room. And because they occupy land that is government or private property, squatters "are frequently subject to harassment, increasing



their feeling of insecurity and precarious existence. Illegal or barely legal occupation does nothing to encourage squatters to improve or even maintain the shaky structures in which they live."

UNFPA notes, however that the strong-willed and efficient governments of Hongkong and Singapore were able to produce solutions to urban housing problems through successful economic policies and vigorous family planning programs.

Slums and squatter settlements give rise to overcrowding, poverty, and adverse health conditions. The urban poor are usually malnourished, and their children susceptible to diseases. Lack of water results in unhygienic practices.

"In these conditions," the report noted, "flourish parasites (hookworm, tapeworm, lice), vector-borne diseases (malaria, dengue, yellow fever, filariasis), respiratory diseases

(bronchitis, pulmonary tuberculosis, pneumonia), other common diseases (measles, whooping cough) and, above all, diarrheal disease."

Mothers who have to work stop breastfeeding and give their babies solid foods too early, "exposing them to the risks of poor hygiene, bad water and unsatisfactory baby-food formulas."

The report warned: "Population growth is straining the cities to the limit. It is enormously difficult to provide employment and income, housing, water, sanitation, health and education for the numbers of people now and to come. As always, the numbers of the poor grow fastest and suffer most. And while cities grow, the rural base on which they depend may be eaten away."

—A. San Agustin Guerrero
PCF Media Service

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR CHILD IS HEALTHY

Is your child healthy? Here are some characteristics of a well-nourished child as culled from reports of nutrition specialists:

Body — well developed, straight arms and legs.

Posture — erect, stomach in, head and chest up, shoulder blades flat.

Muscles — firm, well developed

Eyes — clear and bright, no dark hollows or blue circles underneath

Hair — glossy

Teeth — well formed, sound

Gums — firm, light pink

Skin — smooth, firm, with a good color

Blood — red; with a good supply (outward sign is the pinkish color of linings in mouth, eyelids and the ears, as seen against the light)

Appetite and digestion — good

Bowel movement — regular, no constipation

Disposition — good-natured, full of pep (but not hyperactive)

Expression — alert, cheerful

General health — vigorous, with a low absentee record at school — PCF Media Service

FOR A FEDERAL STATE OF THE CORDILLERA



Chris Mendoza-MIDWEEK

We, the indigenous people of the Cordillera, assert our right as national minorities to establish a Cordillera Federal State within a democratic and sovereign Filipino people.

We welcome the new government of President Corazon Aquino who has committed herself to the goals of liberty and social justice for all Filipinos.

We are Filipinos, and with all other Filipinos we share the burden of laboring to build a nation fully independent from foreign domination.

We are Filipinos, and claim the right to be heard in equality with all other Filipinos. No previous government of the Philippines has treated us with proper regard for our human rights as individuals and as communities.

State laws and structures have denied us any real say in the management, disposition and actual use of the land and resources within our native

territories. Government consent and collaboration and initiative have been responsible for the grabbing of thousands of hectares of our ancestral land. Big corporations plunder our mountains' mineral wealth. Logging concessionaires ravage our forests. Fields once productive are submerged in the dammed waters of Ambuklao, Binga and Magat, or lie idle in barely-used resort parks and over-sized State installations.

Meanwhile, many of us who have been displaced remain unjustly compensated for our losses. Others among us are denied free access to our own forests and mineral land. In the vegetable growing areas, we are now mere hired workers. Those of us who have been pushed by marginalized conditions in the countryside are now regarded as squatters in the city and squatters in our own land.

Yet, this entire Cordillera has been the home of our families, clans, communities and tribes for generations.

Our indigenous system of organizing ourselves and administering our own affairs, evolved through generation of self-government, has yet to be recognized by the government or constitution. Instead, alien systems are imposed on us that are less democratic, and often ineffective.

We are treated and neglected as second class citizens by past governments which have secretly endorsed the policy that, "the minority must sacrifice for the benefit of the majority."

Even our indigenous culture has been trampled upon. State and business enterprises have capitalized on our customs, rituals, and artistic skills and traditions to boost dollar earnings. Mass media which have been allowed to misinterpret us and spread discriminatory notions about our peoples, and educational and religious institutions which have taught our children to regard their ancestor's way of life as an oddity, have contributed to our youth's gradual estrangement from their own people.

Unable to endure these conditions, we have time and again risen in protest, developing new kinds of people's organizations to strengthen our already existing organs of popular power. In the struggle to defend people and homeland, many of us have even taken up arms.

State response to our growing unrest has been standard: repression and militarization. Repression, however has only succeeded in alienating more and more of us from the government. It has failed to silenced us, it has not broken our people's will.

Long years of suffering and struggle have in fact strengthened us, and made us more conscious of the power that we, as one unified people can wield.

We, Kaigorotan, therefore resolve to work for the establishment of a Federal State in our homeland. Only within the framework of this Federal State can we effectively assert and defend our rights as a distinct people.

We envision the Cordillera as a Federal State that shall in general:

1. Have jurisdiction over our entire ancestral domain, which shall be defined to include contiguous areas occupied and used by our people: the provinces of Kalinga-Apayao, Mountain Province, Ifugao, Benguet, the city of Baguio, the Tingguian areas of Abra, all boundary areas which are occupied and used by our people, but which have been arbitrarily added or incorporated into adjacent lowland municipalities and or provinces.

2. Be responsible for safeguarding our alienable and primary rights as an indigenous people to our ancestral domain, and thus our ancestral proprietary right to the ownership, management, disposition, and utilization of its land and resources.

3. Be ruled/controlled by our people, through such representative organs evolved from our various existing indigenous socio-political structures and institutions.

4. Be our venue for asserting and defending our economic, social, cultural and political rights as indigenous peoples.

5. Be ruled and governed, at the local level, according to existing custom laws, and at the state level, according to a Cordillera Charter drafted by a duly constituted Cordillera Legislature and ratified by our people. This Charter shall define the relations of the Cordillera Federal State with the National Government of the Philippines.

6. Have the right to de-

mand from the National Government of the Philippine Republic rectification of and restitution for all past violations of our human rights as persons and as a people.

RESOLUTION SPONSORED BY THE CORDILLERA BODONG ASSOCIATION
JUNE 15, 1986

SIGNATORIES: CBA Council Members/Tribal Leaders:

Mario Yag-ao (CBA Chairman), Lucas Bacras (CBA Treasurer), Patrick Gangangan (CBA Executive Board), Oggang Bag-ay (CBA Exec. Board), Bador Dantog, Suyam Innog, Sixto Pato, Fausto Kadatar, Francis Dangiwan, Miguel Atumpa, Supply Alunday, Daniel Agaid, Steve Garwinen, Mary Foy-os, Jose Las-sin, Michael Agmiyeng, Benito Immadog, Noel Orowan, Agmuyao Pais, Madco Sagaang, Emilio Alunday and Jose Sagma-yao.

OF VESTED INTERESTS AND THE US BASES

The people scored an initial victory of the Constitutional Commission when the advocates of their nationalist and democratic interests in the charter draft body successfully passed a committee-level decision to remove US military facilities in the country by 1991. But this early, pro-imperialist quarters within and outside the Con-Com are already moving to rob the people of such a victory. Recently, Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile declared that the US bases should be

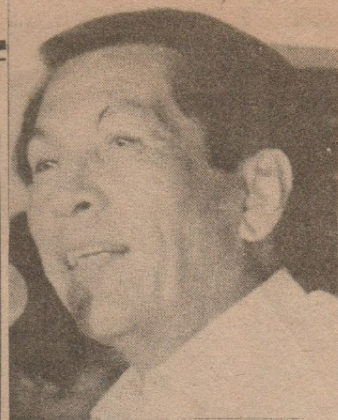
retained even "beyond the present century" because "they counterbalance Soviet power" in the Asia-Pacific region. Vice-president and Foreign Affairs Minister Salvador Laurel seconded Enrile by saying that the Con-Com should not have decided on the matter in such a manner as this would "limit the government's options" in dealing with the US government, especially at this time "when global situations are constantly changing."

Their pronouncements are not surprising as both are confirmed rabid pro-imperialists. But what peeves is the fact that the two have the gall of using the name of the people in pushing for what are clearly anti-people and anti-national positions based on their vested interests.

Both Enrile and Laurel are stalwarts of an elite-dominated and imperialist-serving political system; in other words, they are traditional politicians safeguarding their profitable political careers by serving, protecting and upholding US interests in the country such as the military bases.

Enrile and Laurel are now running to the defense of their ilk within the Con-Com who are hard put to demolish the unassailable nationalist logic behind the resolution to ban the bases and declare the country a zone of peace, neutrality and non-alignment.

BALTARAZ PINGUEL
BAYAN Popular Struggles & People's Welfare Commission



-BULLETIN BOARD-



TONY JALANDONI

FILIPINO ARTISTS IN SEATTLE

In conjunction with the celebration of Philippine Independence Day last June 12, the Philippine Cultural Society of Greater Seattle featured Anthony Jalandoni, photographer, in a one-man photo exhibit at the Seattle Center, in Seattle, Washington, USA.

The exhibit, entitled "Portraits of Selected Filipino Artists," included 50 16x20 archival black and white portraits of prominent visual, literary and performing artists residing and working in New York. The portraits, each reflecting Jalandoni's impression of the artist's creativity and personality, were those of Santiago Bose, Luis Caballero, Michael Dadap, Rene Dalanda, Giselle Felipe, Alberto Flornetino, Chito Grajo III, Bert Hechanova, V.C. Igarita, Corazon de Jesus, Taal Mayon, Norman Montifar, Jane Orendain, June Pascal, Manuel Rodriguez, Sr., Marcelino Rodriguez, Rey Rodriguez and Raul Sunico.

Anthony Jalandoni is a New York resident and a Bachelor of Fine Arts graduate of School of Visual Arts in 1978. Currently, he is a medical photographer of New York University Medical Center, a faculty member of St. Francis of Assisi Church Adult Education. He also does art and commercial photography. His work

MARCEL M. NAVARRA:
Mga Piling Kuwentong Sebuwano



Isinailin sa Pilipino at Inglese ni Teresita G. Maceda

SA MGA KUKO NG LIWANAG



Edgardo M. Reyes

PINAGLAHUAN



Faustino S. Aguilar

BOOKS TO BE PUBLISHED BY UNIVERSITY PRESSES OF UP, LA SALLE & ATENEO

LITERARY CLASSICS

As part of the Linggo ng Wika celebration, the university presses of the Ateneo de Manila, De La Salle, and University of the Philippines have cooperated to publish the *Panitikan* Series, literary classics written in various Philippine languages as well as their translation in Pilipino. Each book will include a critical introduction written by Filipino literary scholars.

The first three books released last August 15 were

Pinaglahuan by Faustino S. Aguilar, a pioneering social novel first published in 1907; *Sa Mga Kuko Ng Liwanag* by Edgardo M. Reyes, considered by many as the most outstanding contemporary Tagalog novel; and *Mga Piling Kuwentong Sebuwano* by Marcel M. Navarra, a collection of the best stories by the Father of Modern Cebuano Fiction.

The three new classics are available for sale at the offices of the three university presses and at all leading Metro Manila bookstores.

has appeared in almost every secular and religious newspaper in New York, Washington, DC, and Boston. His last exhibit, "Kalooban," was with a group of Filipino artists in August of 1985 at the New York City Gallery.

Flori Gavino, Director of the Philippine Cultural Society of Greater Seattle, made the arrangements for Jalandoni's exhibit at the Seattle Center.

After the exhibit, Jalandoni was to show his works in New York City.



GIGI JAVIER

PAPERWORK AT THE LUZ

Currently on exhibit at the Luz Gallery are the "WORKS ON PAPER" of Virgilio Aviado, Ben Cabrera and Marciano Galang. Launched last August 10, the exhibit will run until August 31.

GIGI'S SOLO SHOW

Bartolina, Preso, Hawla Atbp., the fourth solo exhibit of painter-filmmaker Gigi Javier Alfonso, opened August 22 at the Pinaglabanan Galleries, 152 J. Arellano St., San Juan, Metro Manila.

A University of the Philippines fine arts graduate, Ms. Alfonso currently heads the audio-visual department of the UP Institute of Mass Communication.

Immediately preceding this exhibit was Romulo Olazo's "PAINTINGS MONOTYPES CAST PAPER" which opened at the gallery last July 12 and ended August 8.

The Luz Gallery is located at 448 EDSA, Makati.

POWER OF THE PEOPLE

National Bookstore Inc., in cooperation with various organizations, launched Carlos Bulosan's *The Power of the People* last August 15 at the NBS Superbranch in Cubao. Co-sponsors of the book-launching were KALAYAAN, Concerned Artists of the Philippines-Women's Desk, PLUMA, Cultural Research Association of the Philippines, New Philippine Review, Women in Media Now, Philippine Research Center (US), and Friends of the Filipino People (US).

—LEFT HOOK—

BY JUANIYO ARCELLANA

Renewed chess fervor is upon us. Another world chess title match is currently being held, half of it in London, the concluding part in Leningrad. World Champ Garri Kasparov is putting his months-old crown at stake against the gracefully aging gladiator Anatoly Karpov. Kasparov is a bundle of nervous energy, drawing games one and three with him playing black, almost escaping with a win in Game 2 before Tolya salvaged a draw, then relentlessly chalking up win number 1 in Game 4 with a passed fast pawn on the a-file. (Late breaker: Karpov wins Game 5 to deadlock.)

On the Pinoy sidewalks under rain or shine, chess hawkers sell and bet on possible winning moves on pre-arranged positions. Mate in three, black to move, for five pesos. There will be a partner-in-crime who will pretend to be an observer, try out the moves so that the puzzles will appear deceptively easy. There are hustlers and there are hustlers: did the inventor of this ancient game of kings and queens ever dream that the game would sink to an all-time low?

The other day we received a letter from Negros, ubiquitous Negros. Cesar Ruiz Aquino, also known as the Terence Stamp of the Philippine chess scene, tells me that he has just won the 1986 Negros Oriental Open Chess Championship. He also says that if I am to write about it I should try as best as possible to avoid quoting his very words, since the guy is on a self-imposed "exile through silence." So I will just paraphrase the letter for you.

Second place went to ex-National Junior Chess kingpin Walter Neri, while third was Roy Mercado, '83 Buklod Negor chess champ. The 1-2-3 finishers are supposed to compete in the regional eliminations in Cebu to determine which sailors join Eugene Torre in next year's Olympiad. Stamp, however, is begging off due to academic reasons, so that fourth placer Romeo Capilitan will be forced to sub. Mapipilitan.

Terence/Cesar is sad about the whole affair, but he himself stipulates that history has ordained that he be a hustler in the wings, damned to obscurity. He also has some things to



CHESS FEVER

say about newly-crowned Asian Junior title-holder Enrico Sevillano, whom he describes as a "whiz kid." He says that he came close to beating Sevillano twice, but was found on the losing end in the first, while the other ended in a perpetual check stand-off. Both games were played in the Ruy Lopez variation.

What follows now are the moves of a game between Aquino and Neri, which the Negros master requested we publish so that he can look at it every once in a while, assure himself that it isn't all a dream. He considers it his best game in the tournament.

Neri (White) Aquino (Black)

King's Indian Defense

- | | |
|-----------|-------|
| 1. P-QB4 | N-KB3 |
| 2. P-Q4 | P-Q3 |
| 3. N-QB3 | P-KN3 |
| 4. P-K4 | B-N2 |
| 5. P-B3 | O-O |
| 6. B-K3 | QN-Q2 |
| 7. Q-Q2 | P-B3 |
| 8. B-Q3 | P-QR3 |
| 9. P-KR4 | P-K4 |
| 10. P-Q5 | PxP |
| 11. BPxP | N-R4 |
| 12. KN-K2 | P-B4 |
| 13. PxP | PxP |

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 14. B-R6 | N-B4 |
| 15. B-B2 | Q-B3 |
| 16. BxB | NxB |
| 17. O-O-O | P-QN4 |
| 18. K-N1 | B-Q2 |
| 19. R-QB1 | P-Qr4 |
| 20. P-R5 | KR-N1 |
| 21. P-R6 | N-K1 |
| 22. N-Q1 | P-N5 |
| 23. B-Q3 | P-R5 |
| 24. B-B4 | P-B5 |
| 25. P-N4 | Q-N3 ch.? |

(25. PxP e.p. followed by
26. Q-N3 ch. wins)

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 26. Q-B2 | Q-B2 |
| 27. Q-Q2 | B-N4 |
| 28. BxB | RxB |
| 29. N-B2 | N-N6! |
| 30. PxN | PxP |
| 31. R-B7 | QxP |
| 32. N-B1 | QxN ch.! |
- White resigns

For the sake of chess notation, this is known as a double-sacrifice game: "first the knight, then the queen, soon the game to Krip." Above comments provided by Chessar himself. Experts even in Dumaguete mostly agree that Kasparov will retain his title. (After another classic, see-saw match.)

[M]

The President's Speech

The cat is out of the bag. In her speech to Philippine businessmen at the Manila Hotel last July 21, President Corazon Aquino revealed herself to be pro-foreign, laying open the Philippine economy to more foreign exploitation through the import liberalization program.

Said Cory Aquino: "This government is for import liberalization because we are convinced that in the long run this is probably the best way of ensuring the emergence of world-competitive and efficient enterprises."

The foreigners are, of course, very happy. The *Manila Bulletin* (July 24) reported the International Monetary Fund's pleasure at the way the Cory government handled the import liberalization program. Indeed, last June 6, the Central Bank of the Philippines lifted import restrictions on 437 previously prohibited goods. On July 18, the Central Bank again lifted controls on 262 more items, with the promise of liberalizing 137 more items by August. By the end of the year 1,000 goods would be free for importation.

While foreigners are agog at the lifting of import restrictions, Filipino businessmen are unhappy. They have continuously been lobbying against import liberalization. Such was their clamor that even the dictator Marcos had to postpone the import liberalization of many goods.

The opposite reactions of the IMF and of Filipino businessmen should have convinced Cory Aquino that the program benefits no one but the rich industrial nations. Would Filipino businessmen oppose import liberalization so strongly, if this was good for Philippine business?

Adding insult to injury, President Corazon Aquino in her speech scolded Philippine businessmen for their lack of investments in the Philippine economy.



"Let's get one thing clear. The support is not for me, but for your country, for yourselves and your posterity unless you all want to be immigrants. This is your country. You sometimes give the impression that it is not. That you can afford to stand back and see how this little country turns out before committing yourselves to it."

Cory Aquino has no one to blame but herself and her advisers. How can she expect local businessmen to invest and produce local goods, when through import liberalization cheap foreign goods will swamp the local out of competition? How for example can Philippine industries of corn, cassava, bags, cords, etc., prosper, if cheap foreign corn, cassava, bags, cords, etc., flood the Philippine market?

In the speech President Cory Aquino justifies import liberalization on the pretext that this improves the efficiency and competitiveness of local industries. For if foreign goods are freely allowed to the Philippine market, local businesses will strive to be more efficient and more competitive vis-a-vis their foreign rivals.

"... this is probably the best way of ensuring the emergence of world-competitive and efficient enterprises."

The least that local businesses are asking from their government is that there be fair competition. With the way Philippine society is run, no such fairness exists. Everything is loaded in favor of foreign business.

How indeed can local businesses en-

joy fair competition, when energy cost here is much more expensive than elsewhere? How can there be fair competition, when the machinery and most of the raw materials of our local industries come from the rich foreign nations, the prices of which are not only high, but can still be jacked up further, if only to kill the competitiveness of locally processed goods? How can local goods fairly compete, when foreign goods will be backed up by massive advertising and propaganda through the massive capital of the rich foreign nations?

President Cory Aquino admits in her speech that the rich industrial nations, while demanding import liberalization from Third World countries, are putting protectionist devices against the entry of Third World goods to their own markets. We cannot thus understand why Cory Aquino will open the Philippine market to an avalanche of imported goods, when the rich foreign nations are protecting so zealously their own markets against imports.

"There is a strong argument that what we need is FAIR trade rather than free trade, and that the nations held up as models of development never practiced free trade in its pure form."

I am sad for the Filipino people. The leader whom the people raised to the pinnacle of power at no mean risk to themselves becomes the very agent of the foreign powers for the people's impoverishment through the import liberalization scheme.

COMING IN ^{NATIONAL} MIDWEEK

NINOY & THE LEFT--- PART II

By Gregorio C. Brillantes

GUIDELINES FOR AN INDEPENDENT FOREIGN POLICY

By Jose ma. Sison

THE MARCOS DICTATORSHIP: A REGIME OF GREED

By John F. Doherty, S.J.

PETA AND THE CULTURE OF ASSERTION

By Benjamin I. Pimentel Jr.

BAYAN AFTER THE BOYCOTT

By Ed I. Santoalla



SUBSCRIBE NOW

- ☐ Send me one year of National MIDWEEK (52 issues) for ₱295.
Foreign rates: US\$73 airmail for 52 issues
US\$39 surface mail for 52 issues
- ☐ Send me six months of National MIDWEEK (28 issues instead of only 26) for ₱160.
Foreign rates: US\$48 airmail for 26 issues
US\$27 surface mail for 26 issues

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

TELEPHONE

National MIDWEEK, 2nd Floor Mar Santos Bldg., 43 Don A. Roces Ave., Quezon City

10



MABU
HAYAGAN

Two small birds flying over a landscape of hills and a body of water. The text below the illustration is small and difficult to read.

PNOL

Two small birds flying over a landscape of hills and a body of water. The text below the illustration is small and difficult to read.

Two small birds flying over a landscape of hills and a body of water. The text below the illustration is small and difficult to read.